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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	85
MR. BEVAN AND THE PRESS	87
PECKHAM PROBLEM. By Woodrow Wyatt, M.P.	87
AFRICA AND THE COMMONWEALTH. By Rita Hinden	88
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	89
THIS ENGLAND	89
THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF POLAND. By Aylmer Vallance	90
LOGICAL POSITIVISM, FASCISM AND VALUE. By C. E. M. Joad	91
ANNE AMONG THE BULRUSHES. By Ludovic Kennedy	92
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Lancing and St. Nicolas. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	93
The Movies. By William Whitebait	93
Radio Notes. By William Salter	93
CHANSONETTE. By Sagittarius	93
CORRESPONDENCE	94
From Esther Chapman; Marshall Hepher; Ronald Tritton; W. Russell; and Lewis Casson and others.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	96
REVIEWS:	
Johnsonian Hold-all. By K. John	97
India. By Woodrow Wyatt	97
Two Lives. By Harold J. Laski	98
New Novels. By Hester W. Chapman	99
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	100
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	102

THE NECESSITY FOR SECRET DIPLOMACY

THE first necessity is to get back to secret diplomacy. No sane advocate of open diplomacy ever urged that difficult and detailed discussions between Great Powers should be carried out in public. The result must be, and has been, that the Foreign Secretaries have addressed themselves to their own publics rather than to the subject under discussion, and that negotiations have been conducted in an atmosphere vitiated from the outset by vituperative press and radio propaganda crossing and recrossing from continent to continent. Public disagreement publicly arrived at is the only conceivable upshot. The agitation for open diplomacy began because in 1914 peoples awoke to the fact that they were committed to war by secret understandings, and it was reinforced in 1919 when the Peace of Versailles was bedevilled by secret treaties made during the war. That agitation was sound enough. The peoples of the world must know exactly what agreements and treaties are being made, and must have a full chance of accepting or rejecting them; but the negotiation that leads to a treaty, accepted in principle by the nation, must obviously be carried on in privacy, if it is to have any hope of success.

The approach now being made to Moscow by the Ambassadors of the Western Powers may possibly be the beginning to a saner period of international relations. Obviously a way has to be found out of the Berlin *impasse*, and that way can only be by discussion between the Western Powers and Russia, carried out in privacy, without haste, and after careful preparation. Only harm could come from another shouting match between Foreign Ministers such as occurred in recent Conferences. Someone—it may be that the Ambassadors in Moscow are the best people for the job—must find out what is in the mind of the Kremlin, and on what Stalin is prepared to negotiate. How wide should the scope of discussion be? It might include only Germany and Austria. It might be wise to seek a settlement, even on the basis of agreeing to disagree, over the whole range of disputed issues. It is not inconceivable that Russia might decide, if rightly approached, to change her mind and take her place on technical agencies such as the F.A.O., whose part in planning the world's food distribution should interest her as much as other nations. It may be Utopian to hope for so quick a leap from hostility to co-operation, but it must always be remembered that the Soviet Union could change its "line" overnight, and that Poland and Czechoslovakia, for instance, have just as little appetite for war as France, Belgium and Holland.

In any case, it is clear that negotiations cannot be confined to the situation in Berlin. M. Massigli has played a useful and moderating part. America must now realise that Western Europe is not prepared to be destroyed because General Clay has committed himself to the impossible proposition that we should both build a capital in Frankfurt and maintain another capital 120 miles within the Russian Zone. It should not be hard to by-pass this prestige issue once the agenda for a Peace Conference is decided. Mutual concessions can save face on both sides. Britain and America have stepped up their spectacular air-lift and have now imposed a total ban on transit traffic to the Russian Zone, with results highly unpleasant, not only to Russia but also to many other European countries. The Western Allies can also make concessions, without loss of face, about currency in Berlin.

Here are good enough bargaining counters to offer Russia in exchange for removing the Berlin blockade. The removal of the "duress" is certainly necessary while negotiations are proceeding. If the Russians agree to discussions on a wide basis and an agenda, satisfactory to both sides, is worked out, it seems improbable that the Russians will refuse to remove a blockade which, from their point of view, was a reprisal to our currency move in Berlin and our proposal to rebuild Western Germany. Once an announcement is made that there is to be a Conference on an agreed agenda, the Berlin issue will be soluble.

When negotiations begin, the ideal technique would be to follow that employed in the elections of a Pope. The Foreign Ministers, like Cardinals, should be immured, without too much food or vodka, and not allowed to emerge until they have reached at least a *modus vivendi*. Common people cannot be expected continuously to put up with these frivolous threats to destroy the world by war.

France's Tenth Government

After a week-end of hesitations and hard bargaining, France has once again a Government—the tenth since the Liberation. With M. Paul Reynaud in the dominant position of Finance Minister, the new administration formed by a Radical Premier, M. André Marie, can by no stretch of the imagination be described as a Third Force coalition: it is definitely a government of the Centre and Right. Yet, surprisingly, M. Marie has secured Socialist participation in the Cabinet. The Socialist Executive did not retain for long the courage of the belatedly found convictions which caused the break with the Schuman coalition. They were certainly disconcerted at the marked absence of approval from Transport House at their "stand"; they may also have had second thoughts about their chances in the autumn elections if they campaigned as an Opposition party divorced from, yet in uncomfortable proximity to, the Communists. However that may be, the views of M. Blum eventually prevailed: by an indecisive majority of 33 to 31, with 8 abstentions, the Executive were once more influenced by the argument that the only way to prevent a Gaullist victory was to demonstrate that "the parties" could still establish a strong Government at no matter what temporary sacrifice of Socialist principles. Having strained at the gnat of M. René Mayer, the Socialists astonishingly swallowed the camel of M. Paul Reynaud despite his forbidding record of 1938 legislation by decree against the working class. That the Marie Government will have a long tenure of life is unlikely: its policy will be calculated to recreate the circumstances in which the Socialists must surely rebel. Already a section of the Socialists are inclining to the view that, of the

two evils, de Gaulle is worse than a tactical alliance with Thorez. In the domestic field the crucial problem of pegged wages and rising prices is unresolved, and M. Reynaud's inclination will probably be to seek a solution in terms of longer working hours to which the C.G.T. will be in no mood to assent. As for the dropping of M. Bidault, there seems no reason to expect any radical change in French foreign policy. What proved fatal to the late Foreign Minister was the fact that, having consistently proclaimed that he would stand for nothing but a "French" solution of European problems, he disconcerted the Assembly and the public by his acceptance, at the London Conference, of an Anglo-American line for which French opinion had been inadequately prepared. M. Schuman, now at the Quai d'Orsay, probably realises even better than M. Bidault which side of France's bread is buttered by Marshall Aid; and though he will doubtless endeavour to uphold the French view that international control of the Ruhr is essential and that there must be no talk of a forcible solution in Berlin until all the resources of diplomacy have been exhausted, he is the last man to want to break with the United States, still less to swing France towards the Cominform Axis.

Mr. Hoffman and Sir Stafford

At Paris last week-end Mr. Hoffman seems to have made plain his disappointment at the lack of real advance towards West European co-operation and, with less justification, at the tempo of British production. As a result, two proposals emerged. One of them is an economic enigma, the other may prove to be a political blunder. In order to "loosen up" trade between the Marshall Aid countries, nations which have favourable balances in their inter-European trade relations are called upon to grant credits to those countries whose trade balance within the Marshall area is unfavourable. This arrangement is to be fostered by the granting of equivalent dollar credits to the lenders; but it is not yet clear whether these are to be supplementary U.S. credits or are to come out of the Marshall allocations of the countries concerned. If the former is intended, does it mean that other countries will get proportionately less help? If the latter, then the effect would seem to be that the countries in which *laisser faire* is allowed to lead to an increasingly unbalanced economy are to benefit at the expense of countries who are trying to put their house in order by abstinence and good planning. As for the proposal to set up an Anglo-American joint committee of employers and trade unionists to advise on British production problems Sir Stafford regards it as a useful scheme by which British methods, in many ways obsolete, can profit by American experience. We are not surprised, however, that M.P.s on both sides of the House of Commons, probably reflecting the reactions of many organised workers, put upon it a more sinister interpretation and saw in it a proof that there are hidden strings to the Marshall plan. It may be that nothing much will come of the advisory deliberations of this body, and that there is no foundation for the suspicions, which have been immediately aroused, that American expert advice will lead to an attack on British workers' conditions. Nevertheless, coming on top of the occupation of Norfolk bases by an alien air force, this acceptance by a Labour Government of a proposal that British industry shall be "advised" by a delegation of American capitalists and Right-wing trade unionists is bound to create the impression of encroaching American interference. The British do not relish the notion of being American satellites.

The Wrath to Come

Among all the renewed fears of war there arrives a report from the battlefield by F.A.O. reminding us that we have scarcely started to recover from the last war. In a survey of all European countries outside Russia, F.A.O. shows that even with the most favourable conditions, and the best will in the world, Europe cannot be free from food rationing for another two years, and if there is a harvest failure in any one of the producer countries during the next three years, rationing will have to be continued indefinitely. Despite the most intensive programmes now being undertaken, Europe will not achieve even pre-war standards by 1951 and there are now 12,000,000 more mouths to feed than in 1939. (So much for the theory that war reduces population; its inefficiency as a Malthusian check is the more remarkable when we recall that, in addition to war casualties, Hitler slaughtered 6 million Jews.) Any improvement will depend on the availability of fertilisers, machinery, feeding stuffs and labour, on concurrent industrial recovery, and on proper incentives to farmers. Without these the whole standard of life will "enter on a downward spiral of deterioration leading to widespread social disorder." In spite of all political grouping F.A.O. finds still "a basic unity of European agriculture and industry . . . People can and will have enough food if nations work together with intelligence and mutual good will." This report underlines the warning given again this week in his broadcast by Sir John Boyd Orr, F.A.O.'s former Director General. With his usual far-sighted statesmanship, he called upon nations to shelve their ideological conflicts and to realise that the issue of the next 25 years is no less than the survival of the human race. There are now 150,000,000 more mouths in the world than before the war and the soil is in revolt. This is not a fatalistic prophecy of the Judgment, but a call to the peoples to save themselves. F.A.O., though baulked in its greater projects (like Orr's World Food Board), is of all the United Nations' organisations the one which is pushing ahead most effectively and finding the answers. Its European three-year plan is part of simultaneous programmes in the Far East and Middle East, designed to avert the Wrath to Come.

Aid for Films

Mr. Wilson's announcement of the arrangements the Government is making to provide finance for independent film producers did not come a moment too early. Despite the inducement offered by the new 45 per cent quota—a quota which practically guarantees a showing for any reasonable British film—those in a position to finance productions were holding back, and those who wished to had no money. Mr. Wilson sought patiently to persuade the normal sources of finance in the City to assist this vital industry and potential dollar-saver. But memories of the time when film finance was a risky business were too powerful for them to be able to recognise a situation in which there was little risk. Unless Mr. Wilson was prepared to let production come to a full stop, he had no alternative to his present course. The scheme envisages legislation in the autumn to set up a Film Finance Corporation with spending powers of £5 million and a life of five years. Initially it will lend money through the normal commercial channel of the distributor; but later it may experiment with direct loans to the producer, leaving him to make the best distribution contract he can. In the period before the Corporation can be established, an Organising Committee will function to give immediate aid to the industry. This will have £2½ million (to be set against the total of £5 million) raised under a guarantee from the Treasury. The Committee will work through the distributors to ensure, as Mr. Wilson is entitled to ensure whilst he is dealing with private money guaranteed by the Government, a sound commercial basis. Ultimately, the solution to the financial structure of the industry must be provided by the Committee of Inquiry which Mr. Wilson has promised and which has still to start work. In the meanwhile, Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated on a sensible, necessary step which should provide the means of greatly increased production and which has incensed the Tories.

PARLIAMENT: The Press

Wednesday

THE Press appeared in several allegorical forms during Friday's debate; as a provincial strumpet, trailing her shame in the gutter and selling herself cheaply; as a trollop of the pent-houses, kept by millionaires, a false prude; and as a blameless maiden, dressed in white and protected by Lord Winterton. Journalists in the House failed to recognise in these pictures the busy career woman, averagely virtuous, averagely faulty, that they know the Press to be.

But the quality of the Press was not the real theme of the debate, although it became a diversion. The question asked by Winterton, a constitutionalist with few equals, was whether a Minister of the Crown who makes specific charges in a matter which is the subject of a Royal Commission, should not be obliged to give evidence. When Bevan marched into the Chamber behind Chuter Ede, there was little doubt that, whatever the Government's success on this constitutional issue, it would have no difficulty in sustaining itself, should there be recrimination.

Winterton opened cautiously, almost amicably; complimented the Home Secretary on his past, the Minister of Health on his future. Even when in reply to Bruce—who very properly asked whether praise of the Press by a Minister should also make it obligatory to give evidence—he said the question was one of the most idiotic ever heard in the House. Winterton softened the epithet with a vulpine smile. He spoke as one who had been a journalist all his life; and in doing so, excited the interest of many Members who have yet to read his work.

An interruption about Lord Baldwin's view of the Press provoked him into saying that had he, when Prime Minister, refused to give evidence to a Royal Commission in similar circumstances, Winterton would have thought as little of Baldwin as he did of Bevan. But he added later that he was speaking in the most friendly way, and that nobody could say that he had been offensive to the Government. There are times when Winterton makes it hard to dislike him.

Utterly different in effect was the supporting speech of Langford-Holt. *Louche* in manner, he brought a dribble of insults to a climax of unpleasantness by calling the Minister of Health a liar. Haden Guest jumped up, and shouted "Sit down!" in a terrifying voice which almost made the attendants and others standing in the Chamber be seated forthwith. Langford-Holt resumed his place a few seconds later.

Driberg championed Bevan with the graceful defence appropriate for Winterton's attack. Truth, he claimed, citing a high episcopal authority, is of two kinds—historic and poetic. The Minister's vivid comments on the Press belonged to poetic truth; and even if they were assailable in detail, could anyone complain when the essence was true? But he didn't let Bevan go unrebuked. As far as the prostitution of the Press was concerned, he found him guilty of using a worn-out metaphor; told him to do better next time.

Then followed one of those scenes of professional jealousy which illumine, if not the discussion, at least the debaters. Which is the better journalist—W. J. Brown or W. Gallacher? Which is the better paid? The cross-talk between the two made it clear that neither had any doubts as to which was the better journalist.

Throughout the debate, Bevan sat with a suitable air of innocence unjustly attacked, immobile except to applaud his supporters, and once or twice to slap down unprovoked aggression. Although there were Tories who had an interest in the constitutional problem, there were still more who were anxious to carry on a long-standing vendetta against Bevan. Their only difficulty was that Bevan wasn't willing.

Then the Home Secretary replied. He has an easy, artless, almost diffident style that conceals his sharp thrusts of careful logic. The Prime Minister, he said, would not agree to his Rt. Hon. Friend giving evidence before the Royal Commission, eager though his Rt. Hon. Friend was to state his views on the Press. Bevan purred; and his claws seemed to extend, and then retreat within the pads.

After that, what was there for the Tories to say? They themselves seemed to think "Nothing," because the debate ended early at three minutes past four; and Ede and Bevan marched out, as they had marched in, in good order.

MAURICE EDELMAN

MR. BEVAN AND THE PRESS

In the full spate of platform oratory politicians often prefer explosions all round the target to a neat hole in the bull. Mr. Bevan's statement that the British press was the "most prostituted in the world" suggests an inadequate acquaintance with newspapers in some other countries—in Latin America, for example. He might have chosen another phrase if he had remembered the past history of the press in France where, after the 1914-18 war, figures were published giving the precise sums paid by the Tsarist Government in bribes to Paris newspapers of various political colours. The French press indeed remained a prostituted press between the two wars. Paris newspapers sold their honour to governments which, through banking channels, paid them subsidies of varying sizes nicely designed either to keep the friendly very friendly or the hostile within safe limits of criticism. Some were subsidised both by Mussolini and the Japanese. Many French journalists, disgracefully underpaid, have been notoriously ready to receive monetary rewards for suppressing or colouring the news.

These are charges which cannot be maintained against the British press. As Humbert Wolfe said:

> You cannot hope to bribe or twist
> (Thank God) the British journalist.
> But seeing what the man will do,
> Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

The British press is not to be bought with bribes. This is not because there is something innately noble in the British character. There are many reasons. In part we may thank Victorian morality for the change from eighteenth-century standards when Mr. Bevan's remark could not have been challenged. More important is the fact that in our day British newspapers are owned by men so rich that they are seldom open to private pressure. The public is accustomed to buy for a penny an article which costs tuppence. In France the loss has been made good by bribes and subsidies. In Britain national newspapers make their profits by national advertising, and the British journalist, who has been well paid, at least since the days of Northcliffe, is only a prostitute in the sense that, having accepted a position in which he receives a good salary for writing what his proprietor desires, he frequently continues to do so in a mood of complete cynicism, even when his own political views are utterly opposed to those of the paper he serves.

The effects of the system of great newspaper trusts owned and controlled by a few men who appoint and sack at will, who sometimes occupy great governmental position and whose personal whims and party prejudices have an incalculable and irresponsible influence on the whole of our national life is, we hope. being studied in all its complexities by the Press Commission. Some of those well qualified to know have presented evidence of the influence of advertisers on the city pages, for instance, of national newspapers, and others have been in a position to cite cases in which individuals or business firms are "black-listed" from mention in the paper. We doubt, however, whether the full importance of such influences has been brought home to the Commission. In one case where a witness referred to a black list, we note that he was not pressed to say who was on the list, why these names were not to be mentioned in the paper, or how many of them there were. The Commission is weak when it comes to such matters. Successful Royal Commissions usually contain a number of members who have a sufficiently intimate knowledge of their subject of inquiry to ask the awkward as well as the convenient questions, to probe deeply under the disguises and evasions. Even willing witnesses cannot reveal their whole minds unless they are aided by the informed question. The Commission, judging by the evidence given so far, must have a good general idea of the structure and limitations of the capitalist press. We fear that it may be too easily satisfied by failure to discover evidence of the grosser forms of corruption.

If the Minister of Health had been in a position to give evidence, we take it that, in company with those colleagues who, during the last three years, have been struggling with a large measure of success to improve the standard of organisation and welfare in this country, he could have produced a mass of evidence that the press has not given Ministers a fair deal. Perhaps this has influenced Mr. Bevan's mind. When a section of the press hostile to the Government desires to discredit some particular Minister who may be too successful or winning popularity, reporters follow him about the country and newspapers see to it that malicious prominence is given to any verbal exaggeration or impropriety. We recall with amusement in these days, when all join in the applause of Sir Stafford Cripps, the combined press campaign which sought to discredit him when he made an injudicious reference to Buckingham Palace in the 'thirties. Not only can a verminous phrase—a mere commonplace of Party warfare in the past—be made into a major issue, but everything that such a Minister does, however valuable from the national point of view, can be twisted and misrepresented. Mr. Bevan and other Ministers could present to the Press Commission a very powerful case that, with notable exceptions, the newspapers have underestimated, suppressed or misrepresented what has been done for this country by the Labour Government in the spheres of health, housing, food, social insurance, production and planning. The reasons, however, are not "prostitution,"—though many journalists serving causes repugnant to their consciences may feel some sting in the phrase. Rather Mr. Bevan's charge should have been that a deliberate and partisan attempt has been made by capitalist owners of a great instrument of propaganda to discredit their political opponents, amongst whom the Minister of Health is particularly chosen out, because he is in many respects the most able and the most challenging potential Labour leader in this country.

PECKHAM PROBLEM

The great day, when they borrowed the Odeon in Peckham High Street and showed Paul Rotha's film *The Centre* to Queen Mary and half the Cabinet, has gone. The problem remains—where is the money to come from? Like everyone and everything else, the Peckham Health Centre suffered badly from the war. The building became a factory. The medical research team was scattered. The houses in the district which supplies the members were knocked about in the air raids. Many families have left. The sample, which used to be a representative reflection of the composition of the population as a whole, is in danger of becoming distorted. Before the war, more middle-class families thought it important to send their children to Aske's and Dulwich College than do so to-day. Once the income range of member families was from 37s. 6d. a week to £3,000 or £4,000 a year. Now the families in the upper limits are moving away. The prospects for the sample will be even worse when light industry gets under way in the locality. Equipment was lost and is hard to replace. Expenses have doubled and income has not.

But all the world knows Peckham. Thousands of visitors, a large proportion of them from overseas, have been there since they reopened after the war. Medical College professors, medical officers, Ministries, Health Committees and even ordinary doctors all say how wonderful it is. Britain leads the world in research into health, with the family as the basic unit. America hopes to copy. Another centre on the same model is planned for Coventry. Everyone is proud of the contribution Peckham has made, and is making, to research.

There are three books—*Biologists in Search of Material*, *The Case for Action*, and *The Peckham Experiment*—which cover much of the results of the experiment up to the war. This is only a start on the job. A long period of build-up is needed to develop and extend the research. And all the time new sociological facts are being discovered, new items become apparent which fit into the jigsaw picture of what makes a healthy family.

Neither sex swims so much as it did before the war. Girls now get their hair "permed" at 14 or 15—a year or two earlier than previously. Then they change their habits and draw back from the swimming bath. Queueing prevents women from getting to the Centre before late afternoon. But by organising the management of their homes they can still get down. Often they say they won't. But the pull of wanting to see what their children are doing is too much—and they are caught. It is firmly established that children left to play alone don't hurt themselves. They don't develop a competitive impulse until their teens (unless prodded into one), and accordingly do not attempt efforts beyond their strength or capacity. The presence of the watchful adult is more likely to lead to accidents than to safety. A man says: "I quite like going home three times a week now we're members." "Why?" "Had nothing to talk about before. Now we know the same people and can chat about what we've been doing at the Centre." People would rather do without instruction. They prefer to teach themselves in groups. If there is a swimming or a dancing instructor, they avoid him. There is a spontaneous move to start a children's school towards which the parents will pay. At the committee formed to decide on family contributions, families with only one child resolved to pay as much as those with more. "We get the benefit of the other children. Why should we pay less than families with more than one?"

Trivia, often disconnected trivia, no doubt. But it is all relevant material for the story of health. They coined the phrase "Health Centre" down at Peckham. Others have taken it up. The new Health Service is intended to provide what the Ministry calls Health Centres. But they are not. They are disease centres designed to find out what is wrong and give treatment. Peckham aims to find out what is right and why—treatment is only incidental. Before the war only ten per cent. of new members had nothing wrong with them. At the end of a three-year period the percentage of that same new membership that had nothing wrong with it had risen to 34 per cent. That is a percentage which allows of serious study of what constitutes health and how it can be maintained. Now the same figure, or a higher one, has to be patiently built up again.

In 1939, there were 900 families enrolled in the Centre. Now there are 700. Gradually the number may rise. The Health Centre could take 2,000 families. Once it was thought that, if the full total could be enrolled, the Centre might be self-supporting. Now it is clear that it could not be—nor are there likely ever to be more than 1,500 families. The distance a mother can push a pram is the radius of the area of membership. That area is depleted. And even though membership costs only 2s. a week a family (it was 1s. until post-war increases forced it up), some would-be member families find the expense too much for them. It is not so much the membership fees as the cups of tea and the beer and the odd subscriptions for billiards or other activities that they find beyond their means. Yet the Centre makes only a tiny profit on sundries and none at all on refreshments.

But the Health Centre is not designed as a community centre. It makes families happy as a by-product. The aim is research and more research. The members are there as guinea-pigs for the scientists and have no objection to being told so when they join. The factors which make for contentment are part of the machinery of

observation and an inducement to persuade the families to stay and be watched. The Centre is not "a good work." It is no relation to Boys' Clubs, Hostels, or the like. Its job is to add to medical and scientific knowledge. In fulfilling that function there is no likelihood that it can ever pay its way and no reason why it should. No research does. It is unfortunate for the Centre that the impression ever got abroad that it was a sort of charity institution—an impression often accompanied in the visitor's mind by the rider that, as quite a few of the families are well-to-do, they ought to pay more for what they are getting.

The money derived from the members is roughly £3,500 a year. Various gifts made the income last year up to £8,000. The outgoings were £29,000. Now the Centre is nearly at the end of its reserves. Unless it can be reasonably certain of getting an income of around £30,000 a year (that is a minimum—it should be £40,000) research must stop. As it is, it is difficult to pay for necessities—strong bicycles, roller skates mounted on boots, small billiards tables for the children. To stop the research at the point where the compilation of long-term statistics is about to begin would be appalling folly.

One of the drawbacks to raising money is that Trusts and individuals who believe in spreading happiness, tend to think the place is too scientific. Those who want to stimulate scientific research are inclined to believe that there is too much happiness about for it to be serious. If it were cancer, or tropical diseases, it would be easier to understand, but health . . . A notable exception has been the Halley Stewart Trust which, under the impetus of Sir Percy Malcolm Stewart, has given handsomely and made reopening possible. Lord Nuffield, too, once gave £25,000.

The constant strain and anxiety of finance is a bad background to research and drains away too much of the energies of the doctors. There are some possibilities in the National Health Trust, formed to attract the gifts of Trusts and individuals. But the main potential source of income must be the Government. It appears that the Ministry of Health is sympathetic and would like to discover a way to help. It does so happen that the value of the medical services at the Centre could be computed at a substantial sum, and maybe the fact that the Health Centre is unorthodox under the regulations of the Health Service could be overlooked. Again, the Ministry of Education might be able to assist because of the educational facilities and opportunities for educational research, especially adult, that Peckham provides.

An ideal solution would be £20,000 a year from the Government, £10,000 from Trusts, and £10,000 from individuals. Why does everyone hold back? It cannot be that this national institution is not valued or not considered worthy of support. Potentially it can have a profound effect on the well-being of every family in the country. There is an immediate emergency over the next three months and there will be a continuing emergency until there is promise of an assured income. The Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham must not be allowed to founder. But it will unless the nation, individually and collectively, comes to its rescue—and at once.

WOODROW WYATT

AFRICA AND THE COMMONWEALTH

A SMALL delegation from Northern Rhodesia—a few Europeans and a few Africans—have come to London for a quiet discussion with the Colonial Office on the future of their country. This conference began on July 26th. That may seem just another tedious news-item. Northern Rhodesia—with its poverty and backwardness; its handful of white settlers, perhaps 20,000 in all; its 1,600,000 Africans; its only wealth concentrated in a belt of copper mines—is not a country with claims to distinction. Yet it is not too much to say that this remote, barren territory holds the key to the future of all Africa; and on our actions in Africa hangs the fate of the British Commonwealth.

Look at it this way. Although it is not considered polite to mention it, a battle is being waged in Africa—the battle of two opposing ideologies. In the British Colonies, a Labour Government is doing its best to carry out declared British policy, which, whatever its imperfections in practice, stands on the ideal of racial equality, and the ultimate right of all nations to self-determination. Permeating northwards through the Continent comes the South African attitude, with its denial of the equality of man; preaching the superiority of the white race, it degrades all men with a coloured skin into the position of sub-citizens. These ideas have always been implicit in South Africa's native policy; with the victory of the Nationalists they have become explicit. Dr. Malan is nothing if not a direct challenge to the values inherent in the whole of British policy in Africa.

North of South Africa lies Southern Rhodesia—a semi-Dominion which competes famously with South Africa in the refinements of racial intolerance. His Majesty retains the right to refuse assent to any legislation discriminating against the native people; but, to our shame, the right has never been exercised; and the minute white minority of S. Rhodesia has shaped itself into a privileged ruling caste on the S. African model. S. Rhodesia is now asking for complete Dominion status; in the end she will have to have her way, and the future can only be in the closest association with the Union. It is a gloomy outlook for the million or two Africans in her population.

North of S. Rhodesia—open on one side to the racialism of the South, and on the other to the egalitarian current flowing from the North—comes Northern Rhodesia. Here, too, the white minority is infected with the S. African virus—how should it not be? Its physical contacts with the South are close; for many years there has been a strong movement for the amalgamation of the Rhodesias, stamped on by a Royal Commission in the thirties on the grounds of native opposition, but rearing its head sporadically ever since. There are many immigrants from S. Africa, particularly working as skilled miners on the Copperbelt, where they have formed themselves into exclusive white Trade Unions, made agreements with the mining companies preventing Africans from securing the skilled—or even the semi-skilled—jobs, and are paid salaries some twenty or thirty times as high as any African miner can hope to get. The Europeans have strong representation on the Legislative Council (where no Africans sit), they see themselves as the future masters of the country—perhaps part of one greater South African Dominion.

It is British policy alone which thwarts their dreams. Under inspiration from London, African political institutions are being pushed forward—District Councils, Provincial Councils, a central African Representative Council, have sprung into being in a very few years; this year two Africans are to be selected by the Representative Council to take their seats on the Legislature—a revolutionary innovation in the Rhodesias. A Commission, headed by a British Trade Unionist, has been inquiring into conditions in the mines, and has stated, emphatically, that N. Rhodesia is no place for semi-skilled white workers; that a whole range of jobs reserved by Europeans for themselves could quite well be filled by Africans; that Africans should immediately be given the training, and agreements preventing their promotion be annulled. A Trade Unionist from England has been sent to help the Africans, and the first African Trade Union has been formed.

It is not surprising that the Europeans are becoming restless. This year their restlessness boiled over in a demand that N. Rhodesia should be given responsible self-government; if it were not granted, they threatened, they would refuse to co-operate further with the Colonial Office. They formulated a constitution of their own, which sets aside a few seats for Africans, it is true, but which gives the essence of *power* to the local European minority; and with this has come renewed talk of amalgamation with S. Rhodesia—or, at the least, federation. The Colonial Office has kept cool, and shown no sign of yielding to this intransigence. When the Europeans asked to send representatives to discuss their proposals with the Secretary of State, he agreed, but invited, at the same time, delegates from the African Representative Council. This is the conference now meeting in London.

Britain is thus face to face with a clash of ideals. There are strong forces on the other side. There are European communities in Kenya and Tanganyika whose sympathies are strongly with their fellows in N. Rhodesia; and who cannot just be brushed aside. What is more, there are many people at home who sneer at the sentimentalism which strives to raise ignorant "natives" to the level of white men, particularly at a time when the skill of the white man is needed to produce food for hungry Europe.

The stakes in this conflict are immense. The politically conscious people of West Africa, and the wakening African populations throughout the Continent, watch events in Southern Africa with a sickening suspense. To them the issue is quite plain; as plain as it was to the Jews when Hitlerism devoured Europe, country by country. They are suspicious of the white man, even openly hostile; our good relations hang by a thread. If we yield to-day in N. Rhodesia, the thread will be on the point of snapping; and if we were compelled to-morrow (as we should be) to yield in Kenya, the bond would break entirely. The recent troubles in the Gold Coast were indeed a portent.

And not only that. The Commonwealth to-day includes three Asiatic Dominions. India is passionately concerned about the treatment of the coloured races in South Africa, and is bringing the question once again before the United Nations in September. Diplomatic relations with S. Africa are severed—in itself a sore rift in Commonwealth harmony. It is far from clear that India will wish to stay in the Commonwealth at all. Dr. Malan's victory may not be the consideration to turn the scales in her decision. But if there should be signs of Britain's yielding to S. African ideology; if Africans are restless and their demonstrators have to be shot down to keep the peace, will not India, with her own recent memories of subjection, feel impelled to dissociate herself from the imperial framework? And can the Dominion of Ceylon remain indifferent? There are also the West Indies, with their growing independence and aspirations towards Dominion status, yet still conscious of an emotional bond with Africa.

The plain fact, that is not yet grasped in all its implications, is that this is no longer an Anglo-Saxon Christian Commonwealth, which holds together because of a kinship of blood and tradition, language and religion, and a love of the same institutions—as did the Commonwealth of the pre-war days. With India, Pakistan and Ceylon as Dominions, there are more coloured people than white in the independent Commonwealth; more Hindus and Moslems than Christians. The ties which hold us together are not blood or tradition or language, but common advantage; and the links, which are entirely voluntary, can only endure if there is mutual respect and toleration. The mere existence of a dependent Empire attached to this Commonwealth is a strain on the loyalties of Asian peoples; a strain which is only tolerable if they believe in our sincerity in advancing every Colony towards independence, and in our opposition to race discrimination. Once we are suspect on these points, the whole relationship is poisoned; the tenuous Commonwealth ties cannot survive.

In S. Africa we are powerless; in S. Rhodesia we threw away all our cards years ago. But in N. Rhodesia we hold the reins. If we believe the Commonwealth structure has value, we dare not falter in our policy.

RITA HINDEN

A LONDON DIARY

HENRY WALLACE told the founding Convention of the Progressive Party that its task is to recapture the spirit of Jefferson which had expired in the arms of Truman. The real question is whether this Convention, with its somewhat naive, though obviously sincere, evangel of "peace in which an enlightened American capitalism may have a chance to operate," and its platform and constitution drafted by committees on which only the Communists had the advantage of knowing exactly what they wanted, has laid the basis for a Third Party which will outlive the immediate Presidential election. At the moment there are several factors in the situation which turn to Mr. Wallace's advantage. Its strong civil rights plank notwithstanding, the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia was not an inspiring affair for American liberals. To many Americans, who are more afraid of war than of Russia, Wallace's denunciation of "bi-partisan imperialism" is bound to make an appeal, and it may very well be true that, if in 1945 he had succeeded Roosevelt at the White House, "there would be no crisis in Berlin to-day." Unhappily three years of stormy waters have flowed under the bridges since then. On the other hand, it is obvious that Wallace has so far failed signally to mobilise behind his crusade the respectable, Left-Centre liberal elements whose old allegiance has been weakened by the Truman Doctrine and the Democratic Party's capitulation to control by time-serving mediocrities. With the exception of Dr. G. R. Tugwell, the exiled New Dealers have fought shy of the Wallace platform; and the Progressive Party lacks the solid support of organised labour which was given to Roosevelt.

* * *

How far will Mr. Wallace's association with the Communists ("I will not have the Party split on an ideological issue") ultimately be fatal to him? His opponents will, of course, make the most of the promised "revelation" in the Court proceedings which are to follow the arrest of most of America's Communist leaders; but Wallace is too obviously not a Communist for this particular "smear" to do him much personal damage or even completely to damn his long-term chances. More damaging perhaps to his hopes of building an enduring party is the fact that the Convention seems to have given most observers the impression that it was a grand rally of heterogeneous "Antis"—a focal point for all the discontents and hatreds of the under-privileged and dispossessed. To the timorous American liberal this is a terrifying portent. And yet it is these elements who must form the basis of that Third Party which has been so obviously wanted in the United States for so many years. Then, too, the fact has to be faced that, if the Cold War continues—and a Russo-American agreement would cut the ground below Wallace's feet—it will become more and more difficult to convince the United States that relations with the U.S.S.R. can be improved except on the basis of an American "surrender." The essential assumption which underlies Mr. Wallace's claim that he, in contrast to "the banking house boys and oilwell diplomats," could conduct successful peace negotiations with the Soviet Union is that world revolution does not in fact figure on Russia's list of exports. It is a big assumption.

* * *

I have suspected for some time that Sir Oswald Mosley is more active than appears on the surface. I have in front of me a broadsheet written in German and called *Deutsches Flugblatt*. Ostensibly produced to advertise Mosley's latest book, this sheet, which is well printed, could easily be converted into a newspaper—and that may be Mosley's intention, should nothing intervene to stop him. Already, I am told, some five thousand copies of the sheet have gone to Germany by the simple method of Fascist supporters here passing them on to their contacts over there. It is not unlikely, too, that Fascists in the army in Germany are also being used to disseminate the sheet. At least one Mosleyite, late of the Union Movement's H.Q., has rejoined the Army and found his way to the British Zone of Germany. The back of the broadsheet carries an article, "Racialism is the first reality of the European Union." If he had been alive, I should have guessed that its author was Rosenberg. *The Alternative*, Mosley's recent book, has itself been translated into German. There is nothing, of course, to stop the publication of Fascist literature in this country. But there are still prohibitions against it being disseminated in Germany. The Foreign Office must be aware of these facts. Will it stop the circulation of British Fascist literature in Germany?

* * *

For all the flags and mammoth speeches in Belgrade, I have the impression that we have yet to see the final results in Yugoslavia of the row between the Cominform and the Yugoslav Communist Party. There was no sign in Belgrade of repentance; and, though the tone of all the Communist leaders' speeches was carefully set so as to emphasise that there was no split between the Governments of Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R. —still less any chance of Yugoslavia weakening in her loyalty to Stalin or in her opposition to Western imperialism—some of the speakers, notably Vukmanovitch, were allowed to thump pretty loudly on the nationalist drum. It is clear that, if there was any real opposition to Tito, it has been "managed" out of existence. None the less, the way remains open for the Yugoslav Communist Party to reform itself on the more "democratic" line desired by the Russians and even for gradual changes to be made in agricultural policy—the real crux perhaps of the Cominform-Yugoslav quarrel.

* * *

The law of libel is an extraordinary business. Miss Arnot Robertson sued M.G.M. because they wrote to the B.B.C. Director of Talks complaining that she was out of touch with the tastes and entertainment requirements of the picture-going public and that "her criticisms are, on the whole, unnecessarily harmful to the film industry." Libel or not, such a letter—and similar letters to newspaper editors have been written before now—introduces a shockingly dangerous principle. What would any editor worth his salt reply to a publisher who wrote complaining that the criticisms of a well-qualified reviewer were harmful to the book industry? And now the Court of Appeal has reversed the judge's verdict on legal points; if the matter stops there, Mrs. Robertson loses the £1,500 awarded her and is mulcted in costs to the tune of something like £5,000. I am glad to see that the case is not likely to stop there. Mr. Milton Deane, the hon. secretary of the Film Section of the Critics' Circle, has at once announced that it is launching a fund to assist Miss Robertson to take her case to the House of Lords. One contributor has already written the Critics' Circle (Hall of the Institute of Journalists, 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4), undertaking to double any subscription received up to £1,000.

* * *

I shall miss the wide-brimmed hats of the dustmen in Westminster—fine, Anzac tiles with one brim rolled up in a graceful sweep. The City councillors have just decided to abolish them "experimentally for two years." What is to indicate whether the experiment has succeeded or failed? Dustmen keener and happier in peaked caps? Or nostalgic complaints from a middle-aged London public who have already lost their muffin-man (with his baize-covered head tray and tinkling handbell), their Hansom cabs, their straw hats, and the ladies who offered them sweet, blooming lavender in what would now be called a "vocal refrain"? The abolition of this fine hat seems to symbolise an abolitionist age, a time when to be severely functional is a condition of survival. Why dress a dustman like a stock-rider? I see nothing experimental about this disappearance. These hats will never come back. But there is another London "peculiar," long in abeyance, about which I must ask the Coal Board. Why *did* coal men put hand to ear when they shouted to us from their carts? Would they shut out their own noise, an indistinguishable howl expected and demanded by us but boring, perhaps, to them? Or was it that the hand-on-ear position flexed the arm so as to make a sounding-board, at once more efficient and more wholesome than a jet-black hand cupped round the mouth? If ever coal becomes so plentiful again as to afford scope for salesmanship, I shall resume my study of this mystery.

* * *

Robert Burns and others have taught us the value of seeing ourselves as others see us. But then Robert Burns lived before the days of organised propaganda. What would he say if he read the picture of us painted by the Soviet wireless and press? It is an appalling thought that there may really be many people in Eastern Europe who may actually believe a recent Communist statement that foreign mill workers in this country would be "chained" to their work. Will they be induced to think, as they seem to have believed when in the Finnish war, that the workers, having nothing to lose but their chains, would rise to support an invading Red Army? England, pictured by Americans, is sometimes almost equally fantastic. The symbolic chains of the workers translated into iron fetters are only a trifle more nonsensical than the notions of Colonel McCormick, owner of the *Chicago Tribune*. Broadcasting about the British, after a nine days' visit to England, he declares that in England "the railways hardly run, both passengers and freight moving in privately owned buses and trucks." England, he says, is ruled by the aristocracy and United States policy is dictated by British Peers. One has to remember that it is not many years ago since Col. McCormick's home town elected a mayor on the cry of keeping "King George's snout out of Chicago." Even nine days ought to have taught the Colonel that the present constitutional monarch of England is not George III. A prettier picture of England is painted by an American school child whose little essay on this country has been sent to me by David Low, who picked it up in the street as he was passing a school in the State of Montana. It reads as follows:—

> England. This country is the largest of the British Isles and the ruling one. It is off the coast of Europe and famous for its Navy and rich, worldwide Empire. Always a wealthy land, her people were gay and have many folk songs.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

R— said he was not prepared to give any undertaking not to see Mrs. A—. "I am prepared to marry her if she is willing," he declared.

The chairman, ———: "Then you will be remanded for a medical report."—*People*. (C. Goldberg.)

For sale, at Rock Cemetery, unopened grave at original cost.—Advert. in *Nottingham Evening Post*. (Erik Hutchinson.)

Fed-up owner offers 5-valve ——— radio cheap; perfect reception of Socialist propaganda on all three wavebands.—*Isle of Wight County Press*. (N. C. Potter.)

Nylon eyelashes, to fix over your old ones, are now available. One pair, price 32s. 6d., complete with fixative, last a long time.—*Yorkshire Post*. (Eileen Hyde.)

You men are wonderful. You can make atom bombs and television, but you can't make a baby's teat with the right-sized hole in it.—Letter in *The People*. (B. Brickshaw.)

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF POLAND

POLAND today is, for the Western visitor, a land *par excellence* of false first impressions. The initial impact of Warsaw on the eye is still one of destruction so fantastic in its immensity that only after a few days do you begin to realise the extent of the reconstruction already achieved, or to appreciate the ardours and endurances which have gone into re-building out of utter ruin the now viable framework of a capital city. By contrast, suppose your arrival at Wroclaw to be after dark: you dine like a prince and sleep, with no sense of the legacies of war, in a bedroom whose bath-water is hot, and the bed-side light has a pink silk shade. Only in the morning, when you note that your window gives on to an endless vista of buildings reduced by battle to empty shells, do you discern that you have spent the night in a tiny enclave of comfort re-captured from a holocaust.

So, too, is it difficult, at first sight, to grasp the fact that Poland is a country which has accomplished (though perhaps that is too final a word) a social revolution. In retail and, to a lesser extent, wholesale trade, private enterprise flourishes; in the admirable town-planning of new Warsaw there is no riding rough-shod over the rights of property in sites, nor are building leases disallowed; and a glance at any of the more expensive restaurants in the city—to say nothing of the mumbling beggars in clerico-capitalist Krakow—is enough to show that Poland has her rich and poor, her proportion of middle-men, "spivs," and successful dodgers of the Foreign Exchange Control, to whom it seems natural to spend on lunch the equivalent of a worker's wages for a week. It is only when you begin to grasp the solid framework of Socialist planning on which all Poland's essential production is based that you realise how unimportant relatively is the "bourgeois" froth on the surface. And psychologically the froth has served, and serves, a purpose.

Faced, after Liberation, with the daunting task of re-creating their national life out of a graveyard, the Polish people might well have thrown up the sponge, in despair of achieving the impossible, had the Government not been wise enough to tolerate the activities of the private purveyors of at least a few cakes and ale. Mr. Zhdanov may deplore the complete absence in Poland of those portraits of Stalin which energises the Southern Slavs; I am inclined to think that "Lody"—those ice-creams beloved by Poles—was, for Poland, a better dynamic when signs announcing that it was on sale began to appear in the windows of little, patched-up shops. That nonsense jewellery, which somebody has imported with the aid of "black" pounds smuggled into Switzerland, has no serious effect on Poland's balance of payments, but window-shopping crowds see in it a promise that life—even after the horrors of Maidanek and Oswiecim—will one day be fun again. The absurd shop which I came across in Warsaw, re-fashioned out of one tiny corner of a vast ruin and stocked with nothing but scores of gay budgerigars—had it not a profoundly important psychiatric value?

* * *

Certainly one's abiding impression of Poland, three years after VE-day, is that, mentally and morally, the scars of war have healed almost miraculously. Poles are not demonstrative: there is little, in their work or play, of the exuberant, Boy Scout atmosphere of Yugoslavia. But here, one feels, are people—middle-class intellectuals no less than peasants, miners and factory-workers—who have adjusted themselves, who know where they are going, and are working hard and steadily, with a cool confidence in the future. Materially, they have already achieved wonders. Housing, of course, is still desperately short: if the country was to become a going concern, priority had to be given to buildings for production and administration. (On the fringe of a Silesian village west of Wroclaw I found twenty brick buildings going up. "Houses?" I asked, with the village's shell-wrecked street in mind. "No; byres. Animals must come first," I was told.) But British residents who had been in Poland since 1945 declared to me unanimously that three years ago they would not have dared to prophecy 50 per cent. of the recovery realised.

To-day the railway system is working as well as any in Europe; coal output, despite obsolescence and shortage of machinery, is soaring; the big generating station at Walbczych is supplying Prague with current; the quays of Szczecin, Gdynia and Gdansk, are substantially rebuilt and busy, though Gdansk's lovely seventeenth-century houses are no more; Lodz is once again a thriving textile town; shattered Wroclaw has a great wagon-factory on its outskirts; and, throughout the length and breadth of Poland, there is scarcely one untilled field. In the Western territories there is no longer an impression that colonists are "living with their luggage packed"; even in Masuria (East Prussia), where the last of Hitler's S.S. divisions and the Red Army between them tore land and life to pieces, 80 per cent. of the tillage is back to fertility, and new ancillary industries—saw-mills, hand-weaving and plants for processing flax and hemp—are being successfully established.

* * *

There remain for Poland, in ascending order of importance, three problems—the Parties, the Prelates and the Peasants. Though the sergeant-major tactics adopted at Bukarest by the senior partner in the Cominform occasioned some visible qualms among the rank and file of the Polish Socialist Party (P.P.S.), I did not find anywhere any serious disposition to regret the decision to amalgamate with the Communists (P.P.R.). Socialist officials of the trade unions (whose activities in Poland are non-political and directed increasingly to the advancement of welfare and culture) were emphatic that Poland could not afford the luxury of two competing workers' parties. But there are no illusions among the leaders either of the P.P.R. or P.P.S. that the mere act of fusion is a final solution to all party problems. The Communists, whose approach to politics is more Fabian than that of any other Communists I have met in Europe, realise fully that the Socialists are much too strong to be submerged in the new party, though they claim, with justification, that the P.P.R. has furnished Poland with the qualities of dynamic leadership which were required. Somehow a long-term programme for the amalgamated party, acceptable to both its wings, has to be worked out; and the obvious danger to continued unity has to be avoided which would arise if the Communists came to be regarded, or to regard themselves, as an inner "Party within a Party."

Of organised Opposition to the Communist-Socialist coalition there is at present no trace. Even the most embittered Krakow reactionary, who will tell you splenetically that his country is the victim of a "Warsaw gang" of Jewish agents of Moscow, will admit in the same breath that Poland now has, for the first time in her history, a really efficient government; that Mr. Hilary Minc and his staff of economic planners are men of genius; and that the realised achievement of stable, even slightly declining prices in the face of such enormous enforced capital investment on reconstruction is an administrative triumph. Poles of all shades of political opinion are at one with the regime in the conviction that Poland's future economically depends on pretty "total" planning, and that it is on the U.S.S.R. that reliance must be placed to see that there is no tampering with the present nice, compact map of Poland and no renewed threat of German aggression. ("Can you be quite sure that a Communist Germany would, for Poland, be a safe Germany?" I asked one Communist Minister in Warsaw. "In a choice between risks, that is by far our best bet," was his guarded answer.)

Even though there is no organised Opposition, and Mikolajczyk's name is now almost forgotten, the Government has to reckon with a potentially formidable antagonist in the shape of the Church hierarchy, led by Cardinal Hlond and his suppler, more dangerous apostolic brother in Krakow. In a country which is 95 per cent. Catholic, and in which attendance at Mass has, for many, a political implication, the Government has obviously no desire for a head-on collision with the Prelates. The Church has more liberty than in France. Its huge estates have been exempted from the land reform. Religious teaching is permitted in State schools; sermons which even in a Western democracy would be treated as subversive are tolerated; and, though the police are still unearthing stores of tommy-guns, ammunition and hand grenades concealed inside altars, little fuss is made of it. Only on one issue—a determination that the Church shall not be allowed to run its own Youth Movement—does the Government seem to be adamant.

* * *

That the Church will succeed in re-creating a definitely *political* Opposition seems to me doubtful. Apart from the fact that there is no possible alternative economic policy to that of the Government, the Church could not come out into the open against the regime without compromising itself, as Mikolajczyk was fatally compromised, by "Anglo-Americanism." The Pope's letter to the German Bishops, encouraging them to hope for a revision of Poland's Western frontiers, cut the ground below Cardinal Hlond's feet. Nevertheless, the Government will be ill-advised if it minimises the purely obstructive influence which the Church can exercise, and is exercising, among a people whose instincts traditionally are to do the opposite from what they are told by lay authority to do.

What matters above all is the reaction among the peasants to anti-governmental agitation by the clergy. Organised labour in coal mine and factory is beyond doubt solidly behind the P.P.R.–P.P.S. combination. Though the minimum wages of unskilled labour in industry are low, the purchasing power of skilled wages—allowance being made for the value of low-cost rations, fantastically low rents and cheap holiday facilities—already compares not unfavourably with Western standards; and the workers are keenly conscious of the fact that they enjoy, through the powers of their elected works committees, a model system of industrial democracy. Poland, however, is still a predominantly agricultural country. What is the attitude to the Government of the people on the land? One does not get among the peasantry the same sense of real solidarity with the regime. Not that there is discontent. The land reform is universally acclaimed; prices for farm produce (it is admitted) are fair, even generous; and, though farmers here and there grumble about taxes which, they complain, are preventing them from building up their herds, there seems to be a general feeling that "they"—the people in Warsaw—have done well by the land. But it is still "they"; and though I hesitate to be dogmatic on the impressions of a brief tour, I found so little enthusiasm among Polish peasants for ideas of collectivisation—or even peasant co-operatives—that the Government, I fancy, will run into difficulties if, to obviate the emergence of a new Kulak class, it moves more definitely in the direction of agricultural socialisation.

* * *

Had I to sum up contemporary Poland in a sentence, I should say that it is an essentially Irish country galvanised by Communists—the Irish characteristics of superstition and a certain mental and physical untidiness being redeemed in Poland by a (perhaps new) dogged energy and sturdy commonsense. Are people happy in this country of individualists compelled by economic necessity to "plan," this land of Russophobes obliged now to regard the U.S.S.R. as their one sure ally and protector? I asked this question

time and again. A peasant in Pomerania, who still idealised the lost soil of his native Lemberg, answered resignedly: "We must be"; a professor replied cautiously "We hope to be"; a Walbczych miner repatriated from France declared, more confidently, "We are going to be." It was from an elderly lady—once chatelaine of vast estates, now earning a salary of five pounds a month in a museum—that I got the most positive answer. "Of course I am happy," she said; "at long last I am free." W. B. Yeats, I seem to remember, once put her philosophy into a book.

AYLMER VALLANCE

LOGICAL POSITIVISM, FASCISM AND VALUE

In an article on Oxford which appeared in this journal on June 26th, "Oxonian" included among the contributory causes of the renaissance of Fascism at Oxford the vogue of Logical Positivism, citing Professor Ayer's book, *Language, Truth and Logic*, which, published in 1936, has in Oxford since the end of the war, "acquired almost the status of a philosophic Bible." The effect of the book is, he said, to discourage any probing into "deeper meanings" by its exclusion of value judgments and its dismissal of metaphysics as nonsense. It has, therefore, engendered a negative climate of opinion which, he thinks, is favourable to Fascism, "since Fascism steps into the vacuum left by an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values."

In the issue which appeared on July 10th, Professor Ayer repudiated these suggestions. He does not, he says, exclude value judgments: "What I do is to distinguish them from judgments of fact." So far from encouraging, his views, he maintains, are unfavourable to Fascism, which does try to "deduce statements of value from statements of fact."

Suspecting Ayer's assertion, that he did not exclude value judgments, of being, to say the least, ambiguous, and being inclined on general grounds to doubt the alleged anti-Fascist tendencies of Logical Positivism, I decided to look up *Language, Truth and Logic*, and see for myself. The reference to this celebrated book was rendered topical by its recent appearance in a new edition,* with an Introduction by the author, modifying the more extreme statements of some of his views in the light of ten years of criticism, without substantially changing them. Recent modifications do not, however, concern the present issue, which is the influence of the book on the post-war generation at Oxford.

The question I asked myself is not whether the doctrines contained in *Language, Truth and Logic* are true, but whether they are calculated to produce the effect which "Oxonian" attributes to them. In my opinion, "Oxonian" is right, the doctrines do tend to have this effect, particularly those which relate to the nature of value.

The traditional philosophy of Western Europe holds that, transcending the familiar world of things known to us by our senses and explored by science, there is another order of reality which contains values. Of these, Goodness, Beauty and Truth are pre-eminent, and are the source of ethics, æsthetics and logic respectively. In other words, it is because the universe is, or contains, a moral order that some things are right and some wrong; because it contains an æsthetic order that some things are beautiful and some ugly, and because there is such a thing as truth that some judgments are true and some false. Many philosophers would add that the universe also includes deity who is the source of the values, Goodness, Truth and Beauty, being, as religion puts it, the modes of God's revelation of Himself to man. Metaphysics—the study of the reality which transcends and underlies the familiar world—is, therefore, in part, the study of the values and of God.

Such, I think, is the general deposit laid down by the philosophical thinking of Western Europe, reinforced by Christianity, over the last two thousand years. Upon those who believe in it it has a practical effect, providing them, as it does, with principles to live by and purposes to live for. The principles are those of morality; the purpose is to work for the increase of what is good, beautiful and true, both in one's life and in the world.

What is the impact of Professor Ayer's thought upon the traditional position that I have just summarised? He tells us that all propositions that have meaning may be divided into two classes, those which concern empirical matters of fact and those which philosophers have called *a priori*, which concern the "relations of ideas." The former have meaning only if they are verifiable, by which Professor Ayer means that "some possible sense-experience should be relevant to the determination of their truth or falsehood." Thus, it is meaningful to say that the Battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815 because we can conceive the kind of sense-experience which would verify the statement. The latter are the propositions of logic and mathematics: they are certain only because they are purely analytic; analytic propositions are tautologies. Thus the proposition $2 \times 5 = 10$ is certain only because it says the same thing in two different ways. All metaphysical assertions, that is to say, all assertions about reality, or about a realm of values transcending the familiar world, are, therefore, meaningless, since only those empirical propositions have meaning which are theoretically verifiable. And, since any sense-experience must inevitably be an experience of the familiar world, and not, therefore, of an order of reality transcending the familiar world, no metaphysical proposition can be verified. Professor Ayer is quite explicit on this point, telling us "that it can not be significantly asserted that there is a non-empirical world of values."

It is, therefore, I cannot help thinking, a little disingenuous of him to say that he does "not exclude value judgments"; he includes them only in order that he may dismiss them as meaningless. The dismissal is effected in detail in regard to ethics, æsthetics and religion. In ethics, having rejected both Utilitarianism and Subjectivism, he proceeds to a statement of his own ethical views. Let us, first, suppose that ethical propositions are empirical. Now, the statement, "this is wrong," cannot, Professor Ayer points out, be wholly reduced to empirical concepts, since there is no *sense*-experience of the quality of wrongness. Since empirical propositions have meaning only if they are empirically verifiable, it follows that the statement "this is wrong" is meaningless. Nor are ethical concepts analytic, for, Professor Ayer maintains, they are not analysable, being, in fact, pseudo-concepts. (A "pseudo-concept" is only a polite name for a fiction.) What, then, is the significance of saying that such and such an action is wrong? Its significance is limited to evincing moral disapproval, the statement merely showing that its expression is "attended by certain feelings in the speaker." Professor Ayer goes on, "if now I generalise . . . and say, 'stealing money is wrong,' I produce a sentence which has no factual meaning—that is, expresses no proposition which can be either true or false. It is as if I had written 'Stealing money!!'" To make a judgment of ethical value is, in short, merely to make an approving or a shocked noise.

Similarly, with æsthetic judgments. "Æsthetic words as 'beautiful' and 'hideous' are employed . . . not to make statements of fact, but simply to express certain feelings and evoke a certain response." Æsthetic judgments, then, have no objective validity; they do not, that is to say, state (whether correctly or incorrectly) in regard to a particular object that it has value; in fact, they do not succeed in saying anything about the object at all. What they intimate is that the person who makes the judgment has certain feelings. Æsthetic value judgments, being meaningless, cannot be argued about. Hence, it means nothing to say that Beethoven is a greater musician than Mr. Sinatra, and no relevant arguments can be produced to show that he is.

Similarly, also with religion. We cannot either (1) prove the existence of God; or (2) show it to be probable.

As to (1), this follows from Ayer's general position. Empirical propositions are not certain but only probable; therefore, if propositions about God were empirical, were, that is to say, based on evidence, they would have no more than probability value. In so far as the *a priori* proofs of God are concerned, as, for example, the emtological proof, these being analytic, are only tautologies. As to (2), if the existence of God were probable, then the proposition that He existed would be empirical. "In that case, it would be possible to deduce from it, and other empirical hypotheses, certain experiential propositions which were not deducible from those other hypotheses alone. But, in fact, this is not possible."

If, on the other hand, God is a metaphysical term, if, that is to say, He belongs to a reality which transcends the world of sense-experience, He comes under the general ban on all metaphysical statements, and to say that He exists is neither true nor false. This position, as Ayer is careful to point out, is neither atheist nor agnostic; it cuts deeper than either, by asserting that all talk about God, whether pro or anti, is twaddle.

Let me return to what I have indicated as the traditional view of philosophy. Philosophy, as traditionally conceived, may be described as a sustained endeavour to understand the universe as a whole, not, that is to say, like physics or biology or religion, some particular department of it, but the whole mass of material to which the reports of the scientist, the intuitions of the artist and the religious insight of the saint contribute no less than the day-to-day experience of the ordinary man. Men have sought to achieve this understanding not only for its own sake, because man is impelled to try to find out the nature of this puzzling universe in which his life is set, but also for practical reasons, in order that light may be thrown upon the nature and purpose of human life and deductions drawn as to the best way of living it.

Philosophy has, therefore, had the dual purpose of revealing truth and increasing virtue. In this latter capacity, philosophy, as I have pointed out, has sought to provide principles to live by and purposes to live for; principles and purposes which philosophers have endeavoured to derive from an examination of the nature of value. If Professor Ayer is right, this endeavour is mistaken, precisely because there is no such thing as value. Hence, the true function of philosophy is very different from that which it has traditionally sought to discharge: it is "to clarify the propositions of science by exhibiting their logical relationships, and by defining the symbols which occur in them."

Now, it is not, I think, difficult to divine what effect this conception of philosophy is likely to produce upon an eager young mind. It will lead its owner to think either that there is no meaning in the universe, or that, if there is, it is meaningless to say so. Either there is no purpose in life or, if there is, it cannot be discovered.

Meanwhile, to say that one way of life is better than another, or that a particular course of action ought to be pursued because it is right, is nonsensical. The acids of Logical Positivism bite deeper and are more corrosive than either scepticism or doubt, for they make disbelief no less irrational than belief, since both are alike dismissed from the category of subjects suitable for intellectual consideration. If Ayer is right, philosophy has no wisdom to offer to the young and no light or leading to give to the times.

And the result? I cannot describe it better than in the words of another Oxford philosopher, the late Professor Collingwood, who is here following out the implications of the Logical Positivist doctrine:—

> Since one must not seek it ["guidance"] from thinkers or from thinking, from ideals or from prin-

* *Gollancz. 9s.*

ciples, one must look to people who were not thinkers (but fools), to processes that were not thinking (but passion), to aims that were not ideals (but caprices), and to rules that were not principles (but rules of expediency). If philosophers had wanted to train up a generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen expressly as the potential dupes of every adventurer in morals or politics, commerce or religion, who should appeal to their emotions and promise them private gains which he neither could procure them nor even meant to procure them, no better way of doing it could have been discovered.

The question whether Logical Positivism is liable to produce a vacuum "left by an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values" has, I think, by implication been answered—in the affirmative.

C. E. M. JOAD

ANNE AMONG THE BULRUSHES

CHARLES' decision to put his sister Anne among the lilies in the lily-pond had been inspired by the second chapter of the Book of Exodus, and was to be the means of regaining his parents' affection.

Charles was eight, Anne three months. Ever since her birth Charles had felt that the attention of his parents, once exclusively his, was being more and more transferred to her. Many little incidents combined to make him feel that he was being pushed slowly into the background. He had been used to climbing into his mother's bed each morning to discuss plans for the day; this had been vetoed for some obscure adult reason connected with Anne's feeding arrangements. He had been forbidden the use of the schoolroom where he kept his railway engines and Kliptiko set because Anne required it for a day nursery. When people came to tea it was Anne, not he, who was brought forward for their entertainment. Worst of all—and for this he could find no plausible reason—his mother had handed over the task of after-lunch reading to Nanny.

She was the second of Charles' Nannies and he did not like her. Old Nanny had recently been despatched to her sister-in-law at Stoke Poges, it having been feared that her frail arms might not support Anne's weight. Charles missed her. She had been like some vast and ever-open bosom into which he might at any time fly. She did not scold, lecture or lose her temper.

New Nanny was of sterner stuff. She was young and smart and thought she knew all the answers. Whenever an opportunity offered (and they were frequent) she moralised on the wickedness of the world in general and Charles' ways in particular. The wickedness of the world, she said, was due to people not heeding the Word of God, and Charles' wickedness could be attributed to the same reason. What Charles' wickedness was he did not know, nor were its character and extent told to him. But the Word of God was.

Charles was immensely bored by the Word of God. With his mother he had voyaged to the fairy lands of Lilliput and Brobdignag, defended the stockade on Treasure Island, walked the golden sands in search of Friday. The Word of God kept him on *terra firma*. It did more than that. It undermined his faith in God's goodness.

Nanny opened the book and Charles, lying on the sofa by the window, let his eyes roam into the garden. Copley the gardener was trimming the yew hedge. Seeing Copley reminded Charles of The Game, another of his activities kyboshed by the insatiable Anne. In The Game the garden was the territory of the Blackface Indians with whom Charles, who was a Cherokee, was at mortal enmity. The Blackface were few in number and usually turned out to be Copley, whom Charles would stalk with great care and then attack, shrieking the Cherokee war-cry. Now The Game had been forbidden on the grounds that it might wake Anne, who spent each afternoon in a pram at the bottom of the garden.

"And there went a man of the House of Levi and took to wife a daughter of Levi."

Oh, dear, thought Charles, the same old stuff. He turned back to the window. Copley was nearing the end of the yew hedge. A Cherokee posted round the corner would be in a fine position to smash in his skull with a tomahawk.

"And the woman conceived and bare him a son."

"What's conceived?" said Charles casually. He knew that by asking questions at decent intervals he was not so likely to be pulled up for inattention.

"Never you mind!" said Nanny, and went on quickly, "and when she saw that he was a goodly child she hid him three months."

"Why?"

"If you'd been listening to what I read yesterday, you'd know why. Because the king of Egypt was a very cruel man and had ordered all the little Israelite boys to be killed."

"Why?"

"Because he was afraid that when they grew up, they'd kill him."

This was an admirable explanation and one that Charles wholly understood. It was what the Blackface and Cherokees felt about each other. He relapsed into a satisfied silence.

"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes and daubed it with pitch and put the child therein: and she put it in the flags by the river's brink."

Charles sat up and concentrated all his attention. This seemed a most astonishing thing to do, a most astonishing and romantic thing. Prams and cots were the proper place for babies, not bulrushes in the river. He asked no more questions but kept his eyes fixed steadfastly on the Book until the story was finished.

"Now you must go out and play," said Nanny, closing the Book.

"That was a lovely story," said Charles fervently, "will you read it again to-morrow?"

"We'll see,"

Charles wandered out into the garden, the picture of the baby lying in the rushes still vivid in his mind. Nanny had said that its name was Moses and Charles was aware that Moses was Important—almost as Important as God. For someone like that to have spent their early days lying among the rushes in the river seemed to Charles a very strange and wonderful thing. He concluded that it was a miracle. He was not quite sure what a miracle was but thought it an event that everybody knew had happened but nobody seriously believed.

He wandered past Copley who was putting the finishing touches to the yew-hedge, past the pram where Anne was sleeping off her latest feed and came to the edge of the lily-pond. The lilies were of a larger and more beautiful variety than is usually found in England, having been imported from South America by Charles' grandfather. The cups were as large as fruit bowls and each protected a delicate white flower. Sitting on the bank and looking at them, Charles conceived his idea. If he were to bring the news to his parents that Anne was in the lily-pond, their gratitude to him as her saviour would be immense. His mother would contine her readings of Treasure Island: he would be allowed an occasional visit to the schoolroom: he might even be able to resume The Game. Later there might be questions as to how Anne came to be in the lily-pond in the first place: if so he would say it was a miracle.

Charles walked back to the pram and peered in. Anne was asleep, her left thumb wedged firmly in the corner of her mouth. He looked cautiously round. Copley had finished the yew-hedge and gone to the vegetable garden. There was no one else about. He pushed his hands underneath Anne's clothes and very tenderly lifted her upwards and towards him. It required all the strength of his small arms to raise her clear of the pram without overbalancing. He crooked one arm round her shoulder, the other beneath her legs, and made his way back to the lily-pond.

The biggest and best-formed of the lilies lay a little way out from the bank. The depth of water was not more than two or three feet, but neither was Charles' height. He eventually found a suitable lily a foot or so from the bank. Squatting on the edge and leaning precariously forward he gently lowered Anne into the cup. The lily quivered slightly and took the weight. Anne still slept. Flushed with excitement, Charles ran up to the house.

"Mummy!" he shouted, "where are you?"

Nanny appeared, ogre-like, at the top of the stairs.

"I thought I told you to go out and play. You're a very bad boy."

"Where's Mummy?"

"In the sitting-room and not to be disturbed. Now you run along and play. Waking up the household at this time of the afternoon! Disgraceful!"

Charles burst into the sitting-room. His mother was at her desk, his father deep in a chair.

"Baby's in the bulrushes!" said Charles, leaping up and down, "you must come and see!"

His mother went on writing. After a moment she said, "Oughtn't you to be out in the garden now?"

"But *baby's in the bulrushes!*"

"What is the child talking about?"

"Lord knows," said his father.

"You must come and see," said Charles, "quickly!"

"We'd better" said his father, "there'll be no peace till we do."

Charles led the way out of the house, prancing about in an ecstasy of joy. His parents followed more leisurely, their talk already on other things. He made a detour through the rose-garden to avoid passing the pram. His mother stopped to examine the roses.

"Oh, do hurry!" said Charles, now a little anxious as to how Anne was faring, "do hurry, please!"

"He's very excited about something" said his mother.

"Something to surprise us, I expect" said his father, "some-sort of a game!"

Charles went on ahead, turned the corner leading to the lily pond and stopped dead. Anne had vanished. There was not a sign of her anywhere. He ran up and down the bank searching. He couldn't remember exactly where he had left her. Was it on this lily? No, further up than that. This one? No, too near the bank. This one, then, tilted slightly and with a broken petal. Yes, that was the one, he was certain.

Charles sank down on the grass, his mind numb with fear. He felt himself to be in the presence of some great and terrible disaster, something altogether beyond his understanding. He tried not to think about it. The tears trickled down his cheeks and his body shook with sobs. He clasped his hands and prayed for a miracle, a real miracle, prayed to God to bring Anne back. The tears flowed unchecked and the sobbing became a sort of wailing like that of an old sick dog. The sound brought his parents hurrying from the rose-garden.

"What is it then?" said his mother picking him up.

He had a sudden desperate longing for his mother's protection and threw his arms round her neck.

"Baby's gone!" he shrieked, "baby's gone!"

"There, there," said his mother comfortingly.

Charles was already exhausted by the excess of grief and the sobbing gradually dwindled. His mother put him down.

"There now," she said, kneeling and drying his eyes, "that's better, isn't it?"

"Baby's gone" repeated Charles flatly.

"You are an old silly, aren't you?" said his mother. She added brightly, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go and see a *real* baby. Shall we?"

She took one small hand in hers, his father the other. Together the three of them, Charles silent now, his parents already discussing some new problem of the world outside, turned their backs on the lily-pond and walked slowly towards the empty pram.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY

The Arts and Entertainment

LANCING AND ST. NICOLAS

THE musical side of the Lancing College centenary celebrations was a good deal more enterprising than such functions are apt to be. Peter Pears sang the solo part in a specially commissioned cantata by Benjamin Britten, and this was preceded by an Oboe Concerto by Geoffrey Bush and a Choral Prelude for strings by Jasper Rooper, who is the school's director of music. Messrs. Rooper, Bush and Pears were all educated at Lancing, which evidently ranks high among the musical Public Schools of England; and great was my vexation with the Southern Railway ("as was") when one of their more dilatory trains puffed into Worthing some forty minutes late, thus robbing me of almost the entire programme with the exception of the Britten cantata. When I arrived, the Oboe Concerto was approaching its end, but the delightfully cool and well-composed strains which drifted down the tall chapel nave to the west door left me with a strong desire to hear the whole of Geoffrey Bush's work some other time. In the hands of a good craftsman the lovely sound-combination of oboe and strings can hardly fail to please; but the clarity and taste of what little I heard suggested a quality beyond mere craft.

Britten's cantata is called *Saint Nicolas*, and has a text by Eric Crozier which relates the legends surrounding the name of this fourth century Asia Minor bishop in verse which makes no claim to be more than a simple scaffolding for music; the saint's career is unfolded in nine episodes, which the composer has set for tenor, mixed choirs, string orchestra, piano and percussion. This is an occasional piece, eschewing any great complexity in choral writing, and including two familiar hymns for congregational singing. Like an eighteenth-century composer, Britten enjoys working to a commission, and here he has produced something always perfectly adapted to the occasion, though uneven in point of quality. The first three episodes are meltingly beautiful. The invocation of the saint, with a solo violin climbing and soaring around the vocal line, is followed by a playful description of the young Nicolas's innocent precocity which is one of those small things which single out this composer from his contemporaries; one of those moments in which he seems serenely, almost casually, in possession of the secret of goodness and happiness. How on earth does he do it? A quick waltz in A major, with a single treble piping "God be glorified" at the end of each stanza: could anything sound, in description, more trivial?—and yet few things could sound, in fact, more heavenly.

At this point I fancied that *St. Nicolas* would prove to be a little masterpiece of the same order as the *Ceremony of Carols* or *Rejoice in the Lamb*; and there were later scenes (the work lasts just under an hour) of great beauty: the dedication of Nicolas, the moment after his stilling of the storm, and the penultimate section describing "his piety and marvellous works," in which the brief successive instances of these are cunningly embedded within the varied framework of a string *ritornello* based on the idea of a dropping and rising fifth—an effect curiously suggestive of a text meandering through the illuminated border of a mediaeval Book of Hours. To expect this standard to be maintained throughout is to ask much—and yet no more than Britten has done before. But whatever the cause, the total effect seemed to me patchy. At some moments the naivety sounded assumed rather than spontaneous; others suggested a too ready acceptance of the first idea which occurred (for example, is not the trochaic unison chorus descriptive of the voyage to Palestine unworthy?); at others again the composer seems to have been betrayed, as so often before, by his excessive passion for unaccompanied (or almost unaccompanied) recitative. Nicolas's prayer in the storm scene consists wholly of declamatory, non-melodic phrases, accompanied only by a roll on the kettle-drum; notwithstanding all the skill of Peter Pears, there simply isn't enough going on in such passages to excite or sustain the interest. Though it may be presumptuous to say so, I feel strongly that what Britten needs at this moment is a rest from occasional commissions, a rest from concert-giving and accompanying, a rest from peripatetic chamber-opera, and a long period of renewed exploration into the depths of his extraordinary genius.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"The World and His Wife," at the Empire

Political satire with a lump in the throat: that is what, rather hopelessly, *The World and His Wife* attempts. Having chosen a presidential election for his theme, Mr. Capra has had to exercise all his charms of appeasement; and perhaps he could hardly do otherwise. His new crusader steps in all innocence out of big business: one in the eye for Moscow. He flies an aeroplane, with an insouciant taste for rolls and dives. He rhapsodises in front of the White House. He hopes to get his votes honestly. He believes in himself and World Government, opposes inflation, politicians, graft. Quiet, honest, inflexible bounce is the keynote of a performance to which Mr. Spencer Tracy lends all his smiling assurance.

Unfortunately his home life can't quite support the publicity which must attach to the dark horse for the Republican Party. His wife (Katharine Hepburn) goes all the way with him in ideals, but at the moment he is more interested in the fascinating but unscrupulous owner of newspapers (Angela Lansbury) who has made his candidature possible. With her comes the whole gang of bargaining politicians he has set out to break. He gives in, and at the last moment redeems himself with a radio speech that blows them all sky high. He has retired from the presidential race this time, but presumably will win it next. His home life, by the way, has been happily reinstated.

Well, there is quite a lot of enjoyment here. Mr. Tracy and Miss Hepburn skirmish charmingly as the estranged pair; Mr. Adolphe Menjou is (if possible) even more charming as the political gang leader. Some pretty blows are landed on the system of block-voting, and obviously all is for the best in the best of possible worlds when a roomful of corrupt politicians can allow Mr. Tracy to incriminate them publicly without even trying to take the radio mike from his hand. But *The World and His Wife* comes a long way after Messrs. Deeds and Smith. Fantasy has lost its innocence, and the facts are far more extravagant as we learn them week by week from such reporters as Miss Rebecca West and Mr. Alistair Cooke.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THAT the most fitting way of producing Shakespeare in the studio has yet to be found was apparent from last week's production, by Mr. Val Gielgud, of *Antony and Cleopatra*. One would have said that this "most spacious of the plays," as Granville-Barker called it, with its majestic sweep backwards and forwards between Rome and Alexandria and through three-quarters of the Roman world, was of all Shakespeare's work the most suitable for broadcasting. But as Mr. Gielgud produced it, the rhythm of the play and its unity of mood were broken by the intrusion from time to time of a narrator to give us the stage directions. Though most discreetly delivered, they jarred; illusion was destroyed. Nor did the help they afforded the listener compensate for the damage done. "A room in Caesar's house. Enter Antony, Caesar and Octavia": does the information in fact help the listener? Does it really matter if he does not know the precise location of the scene of action? Here Granville-Barker's account of the habit of mind of the Elizabethan audience is relevant, for it describes equally the position of the radio listener: "For them the actors were very plainly on the stage, but the characters might, half the time, be nowhere in particular. It was, for the dramatist of that day"—as it is for the radio dramatist now—"a privilege akin to the novelist's, who may, if he chooses, detach characters, through page after page, from fixed surroundings." Since the listener is blind, it is a mistake to use even so discreet a substitute for sighted eyes as Mr. Gielgud's narrator, if by doing so the illusion, which comes to him through the poetry alone, is even momentarily broken.

But this makes added demands on the actor, demands which, perhaps, no actor, however brilliant, can meet. It was noticeable that the least complex characters were the most satisfyingly rendered, the chillingly intellectual Caesar of Mr. Alan Wheatley, Miss Joan Hart's perfect vignette of Octavia. With a complex character like Antony the difficulties that confront the radio actor were plain. Mr. Clifford Evans, who played Antony, is a very good actor indeed, but he succeeded much less well than Miss Fay Compton, as Cleopatra. When he should have suggested a great man brought low through failure to free himself from the thralldom of sensuality he sounded merely petulant and peevish. Yet I think it probable that had one seen Mr. Evans's Antony on the stage, the impression would have been quite different, so much is lost by the absence of gesture, facial expression, the actor's physical impression. One remembers hearing Sir Ralph Richardson's Falstaff, in the B.B.C. production of *Henry IV* which preceded the Old Vic's, and thinking, "Here is a thin man's Falstaff": for the voice alone, even Sir Ralph's cannot suggest gross fatness.

What, then, is to be done with Shakespeare on the air? The answer, I suggest, is that it is on the poetry that everything should be concentrated, even though it may mean the sacrifice of much of the dramatic power of the play. For I notice that listening to Shakespeare broadcast I wait for the great passages in a way I do not in the theatre and, since all the attention is confined to the words alone, am altogether more critical of the manner in which the verse is delivered. One thing seems certain: Shakespeare on the air is at its least successful when it attempts to compete with production on the stage.

When a writer sets out to write fantasy he cannot be blamed for giving us fantasy, but *The Wicked Sisters* did not seem to me among Mr. MacNeice's better programmes. There were charming things in it: the court cloak and the chimes were the sort of wittily ingenious device at which Mr. MacNeice is so adept and which makes him so brilliant a writer for radio. But whereas most radio-writers have too little fantasy in their make-up, for me Mr. MacNeice has too much, and to make the best use of it he needs, in my view, the ballast of facts, as in his memorable programmes on India, or of a powerful poetic emotion, as in *The Dark Tower*.

WILLIAM SALTER

CHANSONETTE.

La France the Coalition suffers seasonal partition
As Socialists fall foul of M.R.P., P, P,
And Ministers' imbroglios bring changes of Portfolios—
Now fallen Premiers cluster round Marie, -rie, -rie.

Though frequent dissolution jars the shaky Constitution,
Marie will make clean sweeps with his new broom, broom, broom,
If the Governmental hoover wins freedom of manoeuvre
From Schuman and Ramadier and Blum, Blum, Blum.

The Cabinet of crisis calls for Party sacrifices,
So Marie sweeps up Minister Bidault, -dault, -dault,
While swapping René Mayer for an independent player,
That pre-war indispensable, Reynaud, -naud, -naud.

Refreshed by the re-shuffle for the wider global scuffle
The Five Power parleys and the Marshall Plan. Plan, Plan
France hands the final vestige of depreciated prestige
To a casualty listed as Schuman, -man, -man.

This internecine quarrel points a European moral.
France falls unless her Third Force can unite, -nite, -nite,
Her national disunion wrecks more than Western Union
As Marie and his Ministers move Right, Right, Right.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

BUSTAMANTE

SIR,—As an Englishwoman of several years' residence in Jamaica, with exceptional facilities for knowing the true facts, I feel that it is necessary to correct the impression of the situation given by your correspondent. I have no obligation to minimise the faults of Bustamante, or to magnify the failings of the opposition party. I do say that Bustamante has been a great benefactor of the working people of Jamaica. He is entirely responsible for the birth of the Trade Union Movement, and he has brought about very overdue reforms in the position of the labouring classes. He has the support of the masses, and the responsible elements support him almost unanimously, not because they wish—as your correspondent asserts—Jamaica to be placed under Commission rule, but because they fear and dislike the activities of the opposition group.

That group has strong Communist elements, which are not disowned or discredited by the People's National Party, within which they find shelter. The group is considered by responsible opinion to be dangerous and disorderly, and to foster racial antagonisms, to which Bustamante is strongly opposed. It is absolutely untrue to infer that "recent attempts at terrorism" were made by Bustamante's followers. The deplorable Lunatic Asylum incident of 1946, when the Asylum and Prison Workers went on an organised but un-announced strike, was a People's National Party strike, and so was the recent bus strike, during which bombs were thrown into buses injuring passengers. Bustamante is always vehemently on the side of law and order, though uncompromisingly in favour of the workers in any difference of opinion; the disorderly elements are on the other side.

Bananas are in short supply in Jamaica for the same reason that manufactured articles are in short supply in Britain—they are essential to the export economy of the country. To refer to the minor enterprises established during the war as "industries" is fantastic; they were stop-gap attempts to provide, at uneconomic prices, commodities unobtainable owing to war conditions. It is not true that the professional classes are sympathetic to the People's National Party; they are almost without exception opposed to it. It is not true that the independent cultivators are on the side of that party: they are almost unanimously fearful of its Socialist policy, and the threatened nationalisation of land.

In any event, it is misleading to refer to the "Bustamante Government." The elected "Ministers" (quasi-Ministers in fact) are not in a majority on the Executive Council, and have no power to initiate legislation without the approval of official and nominated members. The Governor has a casting vote in its decisions on behalf of Colonial Office control.

It is quite untrue that the impulse towards West Indian Federation has come from the people of the British West Indies. It is a Colonial Office policy, and it is impossible to solve the problem by a facile assurance that the economic ills of the colonies will all be swept away by federation.

ESTHER CHAPMAN

SIR,—As Public Relations Officer of the Jamaica Public Service Company Ltd., kindly permit me to state that the assertion that "public utility services such as transport and electricity have been sold to private enterprise by the Bustamante Government" bears no relation whatever to the truth. The history of the city transportation system, from the days of mule-drawn tramcars to the current change-over from electric trams to motor buses, is a continuous record of private and highly efficient enterprise. My company, in voluntarily relinquishing its long franchise, hands over to a Jamaican-controlled company—the only applicant for the franchise.

Neither has the electrical service ever been under Government control or ownership. It has been operated by my company under franchise from successive governments for many years.

Kingston, Jamaica. MARSHALL HEPHER

[Our correspondent writes: "Mrs. Chapman is a consistent and accomplished protagonist of Bustamante in the Jamaican press. The first modern trade union was organised by Coombs, mainly among longshoremen, about 1936. Bustamante joined this union, stating that he was a rich man and, if made treasurer with sole charge of funds, would bring the union £6,000. The members disagreed, and he left.

During the disturbances of 1938 Bustamante had no union until he was arrested for his part in the riots. The idea of forming a union came from N. W. Manley, K.C., Richard Hart, Ken Hill and others. The union was formed, with Bustamante as president, and named the Maritime Workers' Union. A democratic constitution was drawn up by Richard Hart, but after Bustamante was released and the first union congress held, it was found that he had already registered the present constitution, which makes him president for life, with sole charge of funds, etc., and that he had named it the Bustamante Industrial Trades Union.

From 1940 to 1942, while Bustamante was interned (for pacifically remarking at a dockers' meeting, "Blood will flow on Monday morning") Manley, Nethersole and Hill took over the running of the union at Bustamante's request. The union had then under 1,000 paying members and only £50 in the bank. During Bustamante's internment they raised its funds to £1,000, members to 10,000.

As for the People's National Party, Manley has been described as the Gandhi of the West Indies. This is approximately his political standpoint. His party is modelled on our Labour Party, and has similar aims and ideals. Unlike Bustamante's assortment of politicians misnamed "Labour Party," it has a democratic group structure and its membership provides a representative cross-section of Jamaican life from business man to peasant.

That the P.N.P. fosters racial antagonism is a distortion of the truth. It advocates that *when Jamaicans have the qualifications* they should be given preference in obtaining positions. Bustamante himself pays lip service to this principle.

To allege violence against the P.N.P. is the pot calling the kettle black. The organised hooliganism of Bustamante's followers is a byword in Jamaica.

The cultivators are not "unanimously fearful of the Socialist policy" of the P.N.P. It has no such policy. Last year agricultural conferences were arranged by the P.N.P., but sponsored and organised by local non-party farmers. Thousands of cultivators attended and discussed their problems. Out of this discussion emerged their main demands (guaranteed prices, loans, etc.). These demands were not Socialist.

On federation, the Caribbean Labour Congress which unites almost every trade union and political party in the West Indies except Bustamante's, has been publicising and discussing the problem for years. They prepared the Adams Bill some years ago, a draft constitution.

I am grateful to the Public Relations Officer of the Jamaica Public Service Coy., Ltd., for correcting the statement in my article that his company was a Government-controlled concern. This, however, in no way detracts from the general validity of my argument. The putting up for tender of the Government Radio Station and the handing over of the All-Island Telephone System to a private concern, are both examples of the general Government policy of de-nationalisation."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE REAL ISSUE IN GERMANY

SIR,—In his letter Mr. Gordon Schaffer makes such definite statements about conditions in the Russian Zone that I feel called upon to reply to them in detail lest any of your readers be misled.

1. There is no need to put "Russian-created" S.E.D. in inverted commas. The S.E.D. is *in fact* a Russian-created party, formed on the instructions of the Russian authorities by Wilhelm Pieck, a German Communist leader under the Weimar Republic who escaped from Nazi Germany to Russia soon after Hitler's rise to power.

The fusion of two working-class parties into one is doubtlessly an excellent idea—if the rank and file of

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both parties have an opportunity of expressing their own views in the matter. But this opportunity was denied them. A combined party congress of the S.P.D. and K.P.D. (as it was then) was called, and under the leadership of Pieck and Otto Grothewohl (S.P.D.), who by now has become a more than willing tool of the Communists, the fusion of the two parties was announced in just so many words. And how did this affect the ordinary member of the S.P.D. who retained his dislike of revolutionary methods right through Hitler's regime? Did these German Socialists have a chance to choose in the matter? No—they automatically became S.E.D. members, *gleichgeschaltet*, to use the popular Nazi phrase. The only alternative for those who dissented was to leave the S.E.D., and how many dared do this when it became known quickly that the new party was being run on much the same lines (as regards economic pressure) as the old N.S.D.A.P.?

2. It is quite true that the new S.P.D. has never asked for permission to organise in the Russian Zone. But what does Mr. Schaffer seek to prove with this? The proof of the real feeling of the working classes lies in quite a different direction: the Berlin election results of October 20th, 1946. There in Berlin the S.E.D. did compete with the new S.P.D. that had collected itself around Dr. Schumacher. I well remember how this new S.P.D. was belittled by the Russian-licensed papers in Berlin during the election campaign. Yet it received 48.2 per cent. of all votes in the Berlin elections—in the face of full-blast S.E.D. propaganda, which stooped so low in their vote catching attempts as to distribute free coal and potatoes by the hundredweight on polling day.

3. How anyone, particularly someone who has travelled there, can dispute that the Eastern Zone is run as a "Russian Show" is beyond understanding.

The removal of a large percentage of industrial plant, the deportation of tens of thousands of skilled German workers to Russia, the insufficient food supplies due to the Red Army living on the land, are only a few of the facts which confirm that the Eastern Zone is indeed run as a Russian Show.

Russian-licensed German papers always make a great show with the productivity of the Eastern Zone, they publish pictures showing the wheels of industry turning everywhere. They do not say, however, how high a proportion of the output goes to Russia. This applies particularly to the textile industry in the Chemnitz area. Thus stockings and underwear, for instance, are only obtainable through the Black Market or from the "Free German Trade Union," (the word "Free" in this connection indicating that the Union is Communist-dominated). The gigantic Black Market operating in the Russian Zone is the direct result of this policy of producing only for the Russians. The worker in the factory "knocks off" a few pairs of stockings—the manager deals in dozens—and the Russians taking delivery for shipment to Russia sell them by the hundreds.

Is Mr. Schaffer aware that the Russian-controlled cigarette-factory of Reemtsma in Dresden-Radebeul is producing a "Gold Flake" cigarette in the familiar yellow packet of the famous English brand? These imitations (the tobacco in which is the usual German weed) were not distributed on the cigarette ration—they appeared only on the Black Market during the summer of 1947, in an unofficial Russian attempt to corner the valuable cigarette Black Market carried on by British and American soldiers. "B.I.S."

"THE CENTRE"

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the paragraph written by Critic on the Peckham Health Centre film in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 17th.

There are two mis-statements in this comment which you will probably wish to correct. The article says: "When the C.O.I. first conceived the idea, the Ministry of Health, as the Ministry presumably most likely to be interested, was approached. They were not enthusiastic; indeed they were ready with a douche of cold water . . . Fortunately, the creators of the film refused to give up at this first obstacle and hawked the idea round to the Foreign Office."

This is not so. Since its inception this film was always regarded by C.O.I. as being made primarily for overseas use, and the Foreign Office was always from the very beginning looked upon as its sponsor. The Ministry of Health was never approached as a potential sponsor, but was told that the film was going to be made for the Foreign Office who readily approved of the plan. So you will see there was no question of a "douche of cold water" from the Ministry of Health.

The other point is one of distribution. Critic says: "So now, foreign audiences will see something of a great English experiment, and the British, for whom and on whom the work is conducted, will still have to rely on printed matter for their information." This is not so. The film has now been sold by C.O.I. to a major film renter and will be widely shown in the cinemas of this country, in addition to its primary use overseas.

RONALD TRITTON,
Director, Films Division.

Central Office of Information.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Mr. Taylor, in a recent article, says that "what we need much more urgently than an Institute of Management (desirable as it may be) is a general appreciation of the functions of the social sciences." He precedes this by saying that "administration is something imposed from outside; human relations are built up from inside," but he does not make it clear how this "general appreciation," or this "building up of human relations," can be secured without the co-operation of management.

The British Institute of Management believes that the social sciences have much to contribute to the art of management, and will do everything possible to ensure that the results of research in the social science field are effectively applied. The British Institute of Management is moreover proposing to undertake research work of this nature itself. Mr. Taylor mentions "the studies made during the war by Scott, Lombard and Mayo in certain American Industries," and in this connection it is perhaps worth mentioning that Mr. J. F. Scott, to whom presumably he refers, and Miss Elton Mayo, the daughter of Professor Elton Mayo, who worked under her father at Harvard, are both on the Institute's research staff.

W. RUSSELL
The British Institute of Management.

THE CENTURY THEATRE

SIR,—The growing concern about the need for living entertainment in theatreless districts leads us to believe that your readers will be interested in a scheme now being organised to enable a professional touring company to perform for any community, even those lacking a suitable hall.

Six years of performing in village halls and many other kinds of buildings, often with very inadequate stages, has led a group of players, in collaboration with an engineer, to design a complete playhouse-on-wheels having good stage facilities and seating 200 people. Living caravans accompany this theatre; all that is required locally is site—village green or public park—and audience.

This is not "just an idea"; the actual theatre is under construction, and it is hoped to have the company at work later this year. A national organisation is being set up whereby enthusiasts can co-operate in the scheme. Tours will be arranged in co-operation with individuals and organisations, such as educational authorities and arts clubs, who are anxious for the communal welfare of their districts.

Full particulars can be obtained from the Organising Secretary, The Century Theatre, 17, St. Leonard's Terrace, London, S.W.3.

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THE twentieth annual general meeting of the Beecham Group, Ltd., was held on July 28 in London, Sir J. Stanley Holmes, M.P., chairman and managing director, presiding.

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The net result of trading for the year ended March 31, 1948, is a net surplus of £751,511 available for dividend on the Deferred shares and for reserves, as compared with £502,650 in the previous year. It is proposed to declare a final dividend of 4 per cent., making 40 per cent. for the year, the same as last year. The trading profits and sundry revenue earned by the 118 companies and branches of the group amount to £2,370,181, compared with £2,688,522 in the previous year.

Although home sales showed an increase of nearly 18 per cent., the home trading profits have shown a decrease of £208,088, due to the steeply rising costs of raw materials, containers, consumable stores and wages, without any compensating increases in selling prices. Our export trade has again shown satisfactory results, in spite of increasing costs. Our food sales have increased in total by over 25 per cent., while the sales of foodstuffs manufactured and canned in our own factories have increased by 65 per cent.

It is difficult to make prophecies with regard to the future, but we have so continually broadened the basis of our business and our interests all over the world are so far-flung that we can face the future with confidence.

The report was adopted.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Of all the Russian novelists Tolstoy has been the easiest to naturalise and domesticate in England; and he himself suggested there were affinities between the Russian and English characters. Whether he was remarking upon anything more than the character of the country gentleman in each country we cannot say; there is certainly a very English lack of intellectuality in Tolstoy, and he is nearer to us, if only because of his extroversion and energy than either Dostoevsky or Turgenev are. He is a gentleman of the family-loving kind, a farmer, a soldier, and a sportsman. He is a puritan and an anarchist; a creature sanguine, class-conscious and egocentric and he has our particular Protestant madness: the madness of practical morality. The problem of evil is solved, quite simply, when we are drastically pure in private life. His genius for rendering the surface of life recalls to us the gifts of Scott and Jane Austen in their very much smaller scale, though in Tolstoy this genius springs from the classical tradition of Pushkin and from a primitive animality no English writer has ever had. We may even conceive the wild idea that a late novel like *Resurrection*, written when he was over 70 and enormously popular in England and when his teachings were at their highest point of influence—was the last of our Victorian novels, the Victorian novel we failed to write but which some unblinkered Ruskin might have written.

A new translation* of this novel, fresher than Mrs. Maude's—I have not compared it with Mrs. Garnett's—has just been issued. Once again we can be deluded by Tolstoy's "Englishness" and imagine Tolstoy's Puritanism to be our own. But a great many Russian novels have come our way since 1905 when *Resurrection* was first translated. Now when Nekhlúdov begins his conversion and his long task of retrieving from penal servitude the woman he has seduced, our first thought is that, unknown to Tolstoy, he is mad; that the moral shock he suffers when he sees Máslova in the dock, a condemned prostitute, is something which the trite process of social reformation is inadequate to deal with. Here, we feel, after Dostoevsky, is a problem that has been stated without intensity, and has not been solved except by over-simplification. If Nekhlúdov is Tolstoy, he is Tolstoy without the spiritual pride and the love of his own lusts: Tolstoy as the Countess never saw him.

Nekhlúdov and Máslova are still left with their natures and their lives, and what they really are has never been spiritually or imaginatively grasped by the drastic old puritan who believed in simplifying life by chopping off its limbs. It is, of course, presumptuous to speak of a failure of imagination in a novelist as great as Tolstoy is; but we know that he depended on living models and actual events, and in *Resurrection* he had no model for Máslova beyond a recollection of the servant girl he himself had seduced when he was a youth. Tolstoy's imagination was not of the kind that adds to life in the sense of fusing something new and blinding with it; his imagination was a luminary which lit up and brought back the living detail of experience as the moon in midsummer will miraculously turn a dark landscape to the sparkle of its lost day-time life. What Tolstoy recovers is the motion of time in the events themselves, the continuous approach, young-eyed and innocent, towards the death he feared so much. In that all-searching light of his, life is seen with clarity, understood with awe and watched with compassion; for it moves upon a scene we shall soon leave and which is recreated with the desire of the animal to preserve the goodness of its brief moment.

And then, another point that is bound to strike us: what an advantage the prophet has over the preacher, the bad Christian over the good Christian, the Dostoevskian over the Tolstoyan when they come to writing religious novels. The preacher is forced to prove his point. Sinners *are* reformed, we all know; men and women *do* undergo conversions; they *can* be made better; they may even be none the worse for being made better; and not, as in Dostoevsky, all the better for being worse; but the life of no man or woman can be mapped so neatly into black and white: the value of a life, imaginatively, is in all of a life. What is interesting is that *Resurrection* is written on that socially Messianic impulse which informed nearly all the Russian novels of the nineteenth century; and that it stands at the beginning of the deterioration of the impulse towards precise ends. *Resurrection* may be said to be the first of the Soviet novels of immediate propaganda for visible objectives. When he was young Tolstoy had dreamed, characteristically, of a religion that was not otherworldly, but which would create heaven on earth, and it is not surprising that many of the Soviet novelists are Tolstoys watered down who have added nothing to his realism. How natural to choose him for a model. No subtler master of the didactic—if we leave allegorists like Bunyan or satirists like Swift aside—has ever written. His is close to the method of Swift, but a Swift enlarged from the reign of island hatreds and the dryness of the eighteenth century.

For Tolstoy is one of the preachers, at least while he is preaching, who does really convert, where others build up in the audience an obstinate resistance. Tolstoy really does most cunningly persuade. We are glad that Nekhlúdov's life is changed when he sees his guilt; we recognise one by one all his feelings; we applaud his honesty, for we are, in some corner of our souls, honest too. As Protestants we are glad that he acts. We are glad, too, that Máslova is recalcitrant, angry and bewildered at first; that she understands, in her detached and feminine way, what there is of self-exaltation left in him and what there is of repentance. Her sense that repentance is unnecessary makes her real as a woman (if not as a character, for she is a shadow) and when, at the crisis of her relationship with him in the prison, she resists what she regards as an attempt to use her spiritually as she was used physically, our deepest sense of justice is called out. "The old man," as Tolstoy touchingly said of another tale of his, "wrote well."

How has Tolstoy managed to persuade us while he writes? Not by any special light which came to him after his conversion; not because, except in a purely literary sense, he was imbued by the spirit of the Gospels. He persuades us, as all the epic writers do, by his native possession of the sense of simple inevitability, and he has this sense from his profound affinity with the peasants with whom, as a feudal nobleman, he was in natural sympathy. He believes, as a peasant might do, in a lost golden age when all was good. "If each man believes in the Spirit that is within him," says the saintly old tramp as he crosses the river with Nekhlúdov, "we shall all be united. Each man will be himself and all will be as one." Each man wakes up in the morning and sees the sky: Tolstoy's religion is like the primitive response to night and day. His simplicity is harsh and unjust enough where he is proud and scornful; and yet it moves us because it springs from a universal feeling that the simple is possible. But his simplicity is not all of a piece; it is not mere tenderness. It is cunning also. Gorki has recorded in his wonderful portrait of Tolstoy how the old man conveyed an impression of knowing all there is to know and of having made his mind up about everything; how he would suddenly bark out harsh, bitter, and coarse sayings and chuckle with malice, grinning like some animal before the horrors of life. He seemed, Gorki said, sometimes not like a human being but a stone; a piece of nature mindlessly contemplating itself and not wishing (we may suppose Gorki to mean) to escape from nature by adding to it in the sociable fashion of other men. What Tolstoy saw, in his egotism, his solitude, his strong animal passion, was the simple physical fact, and he puts this down as if, in the naivety of love and the satisfaction of ever-watching eyes, he were discovering it for the first time. So, for example, in his picture of the early love of Nekhlúdov and Máslova he sets down things so plain and so true that we are struck by their boldness:

> Katúsha, too, was under the same spell. And this was dominant whether they were together or away from one another. The mere knowledge that there was a Nekhlúdov and a Katúsha seemed to be a great joy to them.

In the wonderful scene of the Easter service it is the same: how serene and always limpidly in movement the tale is, as if life were a brook rippling away through the grave course of time itself:

> Mária Ivánovna's pastry-cook, a very old man with a shaking head, stopped Nekhlúdov and gave him the Easter kiss while his wife, an old woman whose silken kerchief did not hide the Adam's apple in her withered throat, drew a saffron-coloured egg from her pocket handkerchief and gave it to him. A stalwart young peasant in a new sleeveless coat with a green sash came up to him.
>
> "Christ is risen," he said, with smiling eyes, and as he drew nearer Nekhlúdov could perceive the peculiar, agreeably peasant odour; then tickling him with his curly beard, the youth kissed him squarely on the mouth with his firm fresh lips.

Again:

> He noticed, too, that Princess Sóphia Vassílyevna, even during the conversation, was all the while casting uneasy glances at the window, through which a slanting sunbeam was moving towards her, a betrayer which might shed too bright a light on her wrinkled face.
>
> "Please lower the curtain, Philip," she said, with a glance at the window hangings as the handsome footman entered the room in answer to the bell. "No I cannot agree with you, I shall always insist that he has a great deal of mysticism and poetry cannot exist without mysticism." Angrily, one of her black eyes was following the man's movements as he adjusted the curtain. "Mysticism without poetry is superstition, and poetry without mysticism is prose," she said, with a sad smile, her eyes still fixed on the footman and the curtains. "Philip, that's not the one I meant; it's the one in the large window," she exclaimed.

Tolstoy persuades because he is always bringing his next word to our lips, gently unveiling what we shall all recognise when we see it.

Persuades but, of course, does not convince. The philosophy of Tolstoy is atavistic; it is a retreat into the collective common mind of the peasant. In one way, though hating Marxism and keeping apart from revolutionary politics, he prescribes a similar ideal. His Puritanism is revolting; his egotism is monstrous. It is interesting that gluttony had been one of his vices; he had enjoyed his lusts with the ferocity of a Tartar. And in *Resurrection*, though Nekhlúdov is sympathetic throughout, we find the prison chapters dreary, the criminal histories as boring as a chaplain's memoirs when we compare them with the rich and intense portraits of Dostoevsky's *The House of the Dead*. Compare them: which writer has enlarged our knowledge of the human spirit? Not the preacher. The good things in *Resurrection* are the account of the early love of Nekhlúdov, the brilliant, ironical, immensely wily and experienced descriptions of fashionable life and the back ways of the law. We can smell the wine on the breath of those torpid judges; we catch the officials in the very act of improving their careers. And how charming—for Tolstoy was unable to resist the sense of a man's delight in women's beauty, wit and experience—are those civilised parties which we are asked, in vain, to regard as the hollow haunts of vanity and hypocrisy. It is this rounding against his own instinct and his own civilisation which is unbearable in Tolstoy, as all self-mutilation is, and which strike us as dishonest. Gluttonously he has swallowed pleasure and now there is no more. And yet, we cannot say that his Puritanism with its self-display, has the aridity, the meanness, the smugness, the bent for the hypocrisies of success or the lapses into sentimentality, the cult of the possible, which our kind of Puritanism has commonly had. At least Tolstoy preached the impossible.

V. S. Pritchett

* *Resurrection*. By Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy. Trans. by Vera Traill. *Hamish Hamilton*. 6s.

JOHNSONIAN HOLD-ALL

Samuel Johnson. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. *Cassell.* 21s.

The drawback to Dr. Johnson as a subject is that the great originals are too readable; after Boswell, Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale, all is anti-climax. True, they were late on the scene; they give us twenty floodlit years, while fifty are wrapped in cloud. But then the cloud remains to this day. "The worst is," said Mrs. Thrale, discussing Goldsmith as his biographer, "the Doctor does not know your life, nor in truth can I tell who does"—and all that has been fished out since is more or less trifling. If only someone had recorded what he said in his Pembroke days, when he was lounging at the college gate enchanting the undergraduates! But we have no such light on the years of struggle, and the name of his wet nurse's husband's first wife is by comparison a pearl of small value.

Yet though Johnson has "been done" so transcendently, one can go on reading of him or around him almost for ever. That is Mr. Krutch's advantage, and he makes a manly bid to exhaust the subject. On the jacket his attempt is called a biography; in the foreword it is better described as "a large inclusive book," "a running account of Johnson's life, character and work"—a kind of synthesis, for laymen, of all there is to be said. Besides the personal stuff, there are solid chapters on the Dictionary, on the Shakespeare, on the Lives of the Poets. Johnson's views are analysed, in a sympathetic, rehabilitating, yet detached, spirit; his *mots* are quoted yet again, sometimes more than once; familiar pieces like the letter to Chesterfield and the epitaph on Levett appear in full. For Mr. Krutch can't resist a good thing, however hackneyed or, indeed, irrelevant.

Certainly his book is too long. Now and then we seem to be contending with seas of print, and making no headway; for though the sequence of events is retained in outline, the digressions, retrogressions and anticipations produce a static effect. But the writer's own embracing interest, and his unpretentiousness, are very agreeable, and if not stringently exact, he is abundantly well informed.

One may suspect a certain blindness to the colour of personality. For instance, "irrepressible" and "pert" are not the right words for Fanny Burney, "a quiet girl who wrote a boisterous book." Then Mr. Thrale—nobody, perhaps, can like Mr. Thrale, but it is unkind to rob him of his taste for mental superiority. He delighted, as we know, in "wit-combats," and had a curious esteem for learning in women. What he valued in his wife (and rightly so) was her "understanding"; he wished his nephew could secure Fanny Burney; even in his adoration of the soft alluring "S.S.," *l'amour du grec* played a part. Once, when Mrs. Thrale addressed her out of Pope's Homer: "Miss Streatfeild (says my Master) could have quoted these lines *in the Greek*." There is something comic in this, but not the comedy of a stolid brewer aping the *grand seigneur*.

Nor, again, is Johnson's boast of good breeding merely a joke. It is a joke, of course; but at the same time he had more delicacy than his circle could understand. "He was," wrote Mrs. Thrale, "extremely indulgent to children, not because he loved them, for he loved them not, but because he feared extremely to disoblige them: a child, says he, is capable of resentment much earlier than is commonly supposed." This idea that he was shunning the vengeance of the little Thrales is of course ridiculous; it is their mother's reading of a deference for the unconsidered which we find again in his relations with Francis Barber, and even with the cat Hodge. Or perhaps, when he repented saying in front of Hodge that he had had better cats, it was for fear Hodge would scratch him.

True, Mr. Krutch admits the delicacy, up to a point. In his view, Johnson was a "monster" who obtained respect by "defensive rudeness," but who never presumed to intimacy. "He never, like Æsop's ass, climbed on to anyone's knees under the delusion that he was a lap dog." In that case, why assume presumption and "impudence" in his final dealings with Mrs. Thrale? Mr. Krutch's line is that he *fancied* she was "bound to him by strong ties," which gave him "something like" a moral claim on her. "His attitude was selfish, and the selfishness laid him open to the punishment it was to receive." Whereas the fact appears to be that he had almost as strong a claim as one human being can have on another: a claim freely given and subsisting through twenty years, and selfish only as the claims of love always are. It "laid him open to punishment" because "my mistress" had not much heart. "How many times," she had exclaimed, exulting in her share of the bargain, "has this great, this formidable Doctor Johnson kissed my hand, ay and my foot too, upon his knees!"—and again she listed him her "slave," but no one can doubt who made the advances. For what happened afterwards she had a violent excuse, indeed; she was convulsed with passion, and the uproar at her new marriage is now impossible to understand. As she herself said of Thrale's devotion to Sophy Streatfeild, one inclines to think it "rather good that she had *some* sensibility for *some* human being." The desertion would be forgivable; it is the manner that revolts one, and perhaps it was the manner Johnson could not forgive.

K. JOHN

INDIA

My Indian Years, 1910-1916. By LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Warren Hastings and British India. By PENDEREL MOON. *English University Press.* 5s.

The British Achievement in India. By H. G. RAWLINSON. *Hodge.* 15s.

The tents and the trappings were sold. The roads and the railways built for the occasion remained of permanent use. The net cost of George V's Durbar and Imperial visit was, says Lord Hardinge with pride, only £660,000. And, even though the crowd failed to recognise the King on his State Entry into Delhi, (it was not their fault—he refused to ride on an elephant) the trip was a huge success. With so excellent a staff-officer as Hardinge to organise it, that was no surprise. He knew all the rules of precedence and most of the ruling Princes personally; he was overwhelmingly painstaking.

In all the long period of British rule the men of imagination were at war with the obtuse. Hastings, the first Governor-General, was typical of the former, and Hardinge of the latter. Appropriately, Hastings ended his term of office with a seven years' trial, and Hardinge with the Order of the Garter. Hastings was present at the beginning of an Empire, and knew it. Hardinge was there as the signs of its conclusion were showing, and he did not notice them.

But all Hardinge's qualities were admirable. He was courageous, and declined the sick leave offered him after he had been badly injured by a bomb. He was humane, and constantly urged leniency on his Governors whilst courting unpopularity with the British by the number of reprieves he himself granted. He was anxious to please and accordingly arranged for the removal of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi, the ancient seat of Moghul authority. This earned him both the dislike of the English residents in Calcutta and the suspicion of the Indians, who took it

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to mean that the British intended to remain in India indefinitely.

He was fair and honourable and governed by a firm sense of duty; his decisions were carefully thought out; his tenure of office was marked by a high degree of tranquillity; he fought hard for India's rights against the Home Government. He was deficient, like his Memoirs, in nothing except imagination. His were the days of the great Tilak and Annie Besant. Yet each is mentioned only once—glancingly. Of the stirrings in India's soul he was oblivious. Of the gathering momentum of the drive towards independence he was cheerfully unaware. The Morley-Minto Reforms had been carried through, and they were enough. The British Raj had never been more secure or more morally justified. The outward forms were functioning smoothly. Who wanted to look at the works? Least of all a man who could not have understood them if he had stayed in India for 60 years—a man who conscientiously believed himself to be close to India, when he might as well have governed it from the top of Mount Everest.

It is impossible to fix the precise moment when the men without vision gained a general ascendancy. Perhaps it really was when the Suez Canal was opened in the 1830's and England came so much nearer to India. Before that, a Governor could act with the knowledge that his operations would probably be concluded by the time the news of them reached home and provoked interfering orders. After 1830, too much initiative might get him into trouble. The Suez Canal also made it possible for wives and families to surround the administrators and isolate them, in clubs and hill stations, from the administered. Intimacy was discontinued for fear that it should be thought familiarity. British rule in India became fitted to the pattern England made for it, not the pattern India needed.

In Hastings' time there was still hope that our role in India might remain that of traders, peaceful but strong enough, through our own arms and alliances, to be secure. To Hastings the folly of imposing a European code of law was clear. He sent Lord Mansfield a massive compilation of Hindu law to prove his point. Hastings opposed the introduction of British officials, for he believed the Indians to be quite as capable of collecting the taxes and dispensing justice as strangers to the country, and likely to be less oppressive. Hastings foresaw the domination by the British of the whole of India, but commented, "an event which I may not mention without adding that it is what I never wish to see." For him, alliances "of mutual and equal dependence" were sufficient.

But, as Penderel Moon shows in his fascinating book, Hastings, harried by the Directors at home and by the majority in his Council in India, was forced into courses of which he could never approve. Anxious to stamp out corruption, he was driven to let his officials accept bribes or turn mutinous. Constantly he was obliged to support moves against native rulers undertaken against his wishes. For carrying them to a successful conclusion he was arraigned as a breaker of treaties. Nevertheless, despite the charges of his accusers, whom Macaulay considered to be in the right, no Englishman ever inspired such devotion and loyalty. So much so that when Macaulay visited the scenes of his supposed crimes fifty years later, he found to his bewilderment that Hastings' name was everywhere revered by those who should have hated him.

Mr. Moon admits that Hastings' personal pecuniary dealings were not always beyond reproach, but his general level of integrity was far higher than that of his times. And certainly he did not return to England with a large fortune. From this study, too well documented to be fictitious, stands out the picture of a great statesman, wise and sympathetic, the unwilling founder of an Empire, whose necessity he questioned, but whose shape, if he had had more of his way, would undoubtedly have been nobler.

Mr. Rawlinson's book competently and briefly spans the space between Hastings and Hardinge, and adds a little more at each end. His assessment of the British achievement is a fair one. He gives us just credit for our liberalising influence, for our, partly unwitting, work of unification and for our surprising success in the introduction of Western democratic forms. He criticises us where criticism is deserved, particularly for our want of sensitivity. The three books, taken together, throw as much light on what the British did in India, and why they did it, as is necessary for any practical purpose from now on.

WOODROW WYATT

TWO LIVES

Reginald McKenna. A Memoir. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. London. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

"Willie" Graham. By T. N. GRAHAM. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Mr. McKenna would, I think, be the first to admit that his book on his eminent uncle, though it is often revealing, and always interesting, is nevertheless a partial portrait conceived in deeply affectionate memory, and lacking in any considered perspective. He does not seem to have had at his disposal the massive materials the modern politician now seems to organise as the basis for his biography. There are some important parts of his uncle's life which he does not discuss at all—his relation, for instance, to the "Cat and Mouse Act," when he was Home Secretary—from any humane angle, an ignoble episode in McKenna's career. Beyond a sentence or two on the impressiveness of McKenna's annual speeches as chairman of the Midland Bank, that part of his life—all of it from 1918 to his death—is undiscussed. He says a word on the effort of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin to make him Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the hint that he might have succeeded Mr. Bonar Law as Tory Prime Minister; but he throws no light on how the strong Asquith Liberal of a generation's effort was ready to serve in governments which moved steadily away from the Liberalism which was the staple doctrine of his career in Parliament. His private life and thoughts are barely hinted at; and there seem to be omissions here as though Mr. McKenna's public mask must be kept firmly before the public which must ask no questions about his inner self. His enchanting wife, Pamela McKenna, whom hundreds now living will not easily forget, barely creeps into these pages before being dismissed, as it were, into limbo. Mr. Stephen McKenna, in short, has done with a skilled hand a work of genuine piety and devotion. But he has kept the real man, whatever he was, in a careful obscurity.

We all know that Mr. Reginald McKenna had an almost meteoric rise from the time he first took office under Campbell-Bannerman in 1905. He was a good Minister of the ordinary type, efficiently organising his own work, getting on well with his officials, always loyal to his political chief—of the different posts he held the Admiralty interested him most; and he was, in his own view, weakly and unfairly sacrificed by Mr. Asquith to Mr. Churchill's insistent and ambitious determination to be in the very centre of the dramatic picture which, after Agadir, the drift to war was preparing. He had no hesitations about where Britain should stand in 1914. He resented the unscrupulous way in which the Tories forced the first Coalition on Mr. Asquith in 1915; and he resented still more the pretty

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shabby intrigues out of which the Lloyd George Government emerged in 1916. He stayed out with Mr. Asquith at that time. Overwhelmed in the Liberal *débâcle* of 1918, he went into the City, where he remained until his death. It is not a spectacular career. Little in it suggests imagination, audacity of mind, the power to innovate. McKenna was solid, honest, capable. He inspired trust in his colleagues. He worked hard at the task allotted to him. But there is nothing in the record to suggest that he was more than the man of common sense who gets his chance of high office and leaves the kind of name to which the historian devotes a footnote. In the Liberal Party of his time there were thirty or forty men as good as he who did not get his chance and have thus been forgotten. He was not even that "uncommon man of common opinions" whom Bagehot thought the best kind of statesman for a Parliamentary democracy.

"Willie" Graham, to whose all too brief life—he died at forty-four—his brother has devoted these simple, but moving, pages, was one of those self-made Scotsmen whose intense determination make their ascent as much a social, as a personal adventure. Everything he attained, from his editorship at nineteen, to cabinet office at forty one, he won, because he was so obviously honest and sincere, as well as competent and hard-working He was a simple person, who was a socialist because he hated injustice, and convinced himself that there was no possible cure for injustice in a capitalist society. At every stage of his career, he gained the respect of his opponents not less than the affection of his friends. He was intensely loyal. He gave all that was in him to the men he followed, and the cause he served. No one ever met him without being moved by his faith that devotion to the great cause is an obligation, and that it is possible to give that devotion with a quiet passion which seeks expression in service, and desires neither hatred nor revenge as instruments of its progress.

"Willie" Graham was one of the victims of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's scurvy treatment of his followers in 1931. It is, no doubt, true, as his brother says, that he died of pneumonia. But all who knew him will not doubt two things. He was heart-broken by Philip Snowden's desertion of the Labour Party, and the bitterness of Snowden's attacks on his former colleagues; Graham had given to Snowden that unquestioning loyalty the misuse of which is one of the most evil things in politics. The other is the cold hostility with which, immediately after the crisis of 1931, he was treated by eminent City figures who could not forgive his refusal to assist MacDonald and Snowden in the betrayal. The immense nervous strain he suffered from these experiences lowered his vitality; and the attitude of the City imposed upon him a volume of hard work to meet his financial commitments to which his lowered powers of resistance made him physically unequal. It is really not inaccurate to say that the events of 1931 helped to kill him. It is nauseating to read, in the biography, the fulsome tributes paid to Graham by his former heroes after his death. What those who have the right to speak of "Willie" Graham feel about him, is admirably said by Mr. Attlee in his introduction to this volume. Mr. Attlee has the right to say it for it never occurred to him, as it never occurred to Graham, that an honourable leader of a great party could desert his followers and discard the principles on which his whole political life has been based.

HAROLD J. LASKI

NEW NOVELS

Attic and Area. By FRANCESCA MARTIN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
Joy and Josephine. By M. DICKENS. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.
The Forgotten Word. By W. GOLDMAN. *Art and Education.* 10s. 6d.
Wonderful Mrs. Marriott. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

The best of these four novels is *Attic and Area* which its publishers liken to "a slice of rich plum cake or a generous cut off the joint." In fact they could have claimed more for it. The author is well documented, has a keen sense of the past and great distinction of style: the result is enthralling; furthermore, she seems to be enjoying herself so much that she will make most readers, whether or not they like novels of early Victorian life below stairs, share in her pleasure. This book covers a year in the life of a "slavey" of seventeen. There is no subtlety and not much light and shade in the characterisation which is objectively treated, much as if the heroine herself were telling the story; but *Attic and Area* forstalls criticism, because it is absolutely without pretention and succeeds in its object, which is to entertain. After wrestling with sociological problems, fake literature, great thoughts and messages from the sub-conscious, all squashed into a bursting, dingy suit-case labelled "Fiction," reading this novel is like unfolding a beautiful new dress from between layers of tissue paper. Slowly we draw it out; line, colour and texture are perfectly combined.

The heroine of *Joy and Josephine* is neither interesting, sympathetic, attractive nor comical and her appearance is that of an advertisement for a hair shampoo or a face pack; yet in spite of these disadvantages we are compelled to follow—although rather half-heartedly in the last section—her search for her own identity through a very long novel indeed. Miss Dickens's narrative powers are remarkable; but her delineation of character is lacking in imagination or originality, and when she leaves the under-privileged, or, as we used to say, the lower classes, for the Smart Set, her *entrain* very nearly fails. I suggest—with timidity—that this is not because the world of the fashionable and the rich is less interesting than that of the Council school, the suburb and the slum, but because it is still difficult of access and therefore difficult to present, at least in the casual, snap-shotting style that this author has adopted. The kind of novelist who takes down overheard conversations in a notebook and collects her material by observation rather than by inspiration (of course I don't know if Miss Dickens is one of these, but that is the impression she gives) has only to step out of her front door to get what she needs when describing the frequenters of, say, a Lyons' Corner House, that section of society which our ancestors called the poor, being always with us and never silent. But when it comes to what one now thinks of as the Evelyn Waugh country, entry cannot be effected by taking a short bus-ride, sitting about for an hour or two and then going home with the literary booty. (And even Mr. Waugh, with all his sharpness, gives me a feeling of disquiet—as it were I cannot tell how . . . .) *Joy and Josephine* purports to be a study of various social strata and their impact on the heroine's temperament: she goes through a great deal; and yet she is a dead bore. If we compare her with Francie Pitzpatrick of *The Real Charlotte*—Francie too, was under-educated, underbred and of a chocolate-box prettiness—we shall see that the nineteenth-century heroine has become a figure of tragedy long before the end of the book; whereas if Miss Dickens's Josephine were to throw herself off Tower Bridge, instead of living happily ever after with an upper-middle-class young man, we should not turn a hair. Finally I would suggest that "sense" is a noun and not a verb, that you cannot shoot grouse in Oxfordshire and that the perfect valet should be elimin-

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ated from all fiction from now on. Miss Dickens has so many gifts—her portrait of Josephine's foster-father, the old-fashioned, intensely respectable, hopelessly snobbish "little" tradesman is one of the best things she has done—that she must forgive this carping, spoilsport attitude; if she had not produced such brilliant pieces of entertainment as *One Pair of Feet* and *The Fancy*, one would acccept *Joy and Josephine* as a readable novel, and be thankful for it.

Mr. Goldman is a very daring writer. Without so much as a cry of "Look out!" or "Here we go!" he takes us straight to the lavatory where the narrator of *The Forgotten Word* is scribbling on the wall. Levko, the "I" of the story, doesn't care what he says, and gives us pseudo-intellectuals a good drubbing all round. There are Hubert and Jasmine, for instance, the married couple who help to support him; he's a civil servant, and she's a schoolmistress, so of course they're repressed, self-conscious and ineffectual: worse still, they like talking about books. Levko himself likes poetry—but that's different. Why? Mr. Goldman's implication seems to be—and I apologise in advance if I have misunderstood his attitude—that if you care for literature and also have a great many love-affairs, then your aesthetic inclinations are nothing to be ashamed of: but if, on the other hand, you try to combine literature and continence, you are a despicable and ludicrous highbrow. I have myself no idea at all why this should be—but it is a notion that seems to trail through a great many modern novels. We must now turn to Mr. Goldman's comic characters: for he has a thumping sense of humour. There's a literary critic called Penderel Pue, a firm of publishers known as Vermin & Rubble and a bookseller whose name is Specter; you can see, from the names alone, that the author has no use for all the wretched shams who are going about printing, selling and criticising books; and it is significant that he "considers *The Forgotten Word* his most powerful and ambitious novel." Perhaps it is: it certainly makes you think—though what, exactly, it would be hard to say. Anyway, there is a splendid snapshot of Mr. Goldman (looking rather like John Garfield) on the back flap, thrown in, as it were, with the book. No one could ask for more.

Wonderful Mrs. Marriott is a straightforward, moderately acute, unimaginative and unpretentious work. It does not hold the attention; for it seems to be mechanically written and the characters, as in *Joy and Josephine*, are perceived from without rather than felt from within. The central figure comes to life—at least in her relations with her maid and her psycho-analyst—but the other personages move and speak as if seen from a long way off. Incidentally, it will soon be time for the psycho-analyst to join the perfect valet on the rubbish heap of contemporary fiction.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SYMPHONIES: Haydn: No. 94 in G major ("Surprise") (Liverpool Phil.—Sargent, DX1490-2); Mendelssohn: No. 3 in A major ("Italian") (Hallé—Barbirolli, C3758-60); Brahms: No. 2 in D major (LPO—Furtwängler K1875-9). It were bettter had the Gramophone Company issued Koussevitzky's new recording of the "Surprise" Symphony (the one which hangs on in the H.M.V. catalogue is now out of date). By all accounts it is admirable. I can find nothing to say in favour of the new Columbia set, which is lacking in all sweetness. Like many recent recordings of the Liverpool Philharmonic, this one is strident and poor in detail; the performance is seriously under-phrased, as anyone can observe who is lucky enough to possess the beautiful pre-war Telefunken set (Schmidt-Isserstedt). For two reasons only I prefer the new issue of the "Italian" Symphony to Decca's: Mr. Barbirolli's tempi are suitably more sparkling than Dr. Unger's, and the recording is altogether pleasanter. There, I'm afraid, my stock of praise gives out. The string playing in the first movement is on the ragged side. As usual, the repeat of the first section is omitted, and with it several bars which are essential to the symmetry of the movement, since they occur again in the recapitulation. The Saltarello flies along as it should, but does so at the expense of accurate definition That Mendelssohn was a very tidy composer is a truism of which we can always bear to be reminded. To conclude a dismal paragraph I must warn readers seriously against Dr. Furtwängler's Brahms No. 2. Though well enough recorded, this performance has all the faults noted in the same conductor's set of the First Symphony (reviewed in May). On the whole dreadfully inert, it wakes up in fits and starts which render the music quite shapeless. The lovely coda of the first movement drags to a weary conclusion, and the *coup de grâce* is delivered by a disconcerting untidiness in the brass. In the third movement the direction, Presto non assai, is understood to mean Allegretto. I hope nothing will induce readers to part with the wonderful Beecham set of this symphony, which, although made in 1936, is still without a peer.

CONCERTOS: Max Bruch: No. 1 in G minor op. 26 (Georg Kulenkampff—Zurich Tonhalle—Schuricht, K1603-5); Schumann: Piano Concerto (Moura Lympany—LSO—Royalton Kisch, K1884-7); Litolff: *Scherzo* from Concerto Symphonique No. 4 op. 102 (Moura Lympany—Philharmonia—Süsskind, C3763). As far as it goes Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G minor is a complete success. Formally it is an almost exact copy of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, which (we must try to remember) was a startling novelty in its day. Perhaps, by repeating it once too often, Bruch shows a little too much pride in that crucial melody in the slow movement; yet how moving it is! Georg Kulenkampff plays the solo with consummate grace and warmth of tone; in the first and last movements the energy of his bowing is a model of violin style. Altogether a most excellent set. Ill luck continues to dog the recording of Schumann's Piano Concerto. Miss Lympany conceives the solo tastefully enough; but she is apt to drop stitches. The recording, which is remarkably dead and wooden, may well be guilty of muddling the piano figuration; in any case, muddled it often is, and sometimes inaudible. The Arrau set of this concerto, though not wholly satisfactory, remains the best available; on the other hand, there are rumours of a forthcoming Lipatti-Karayan issue, which may be expected to wipe the floor with other competitors. Meanwhile I suppose I cannot hope to please Miss Lympany by praising her performance in the Litolff *Scherzo* as the best record she has yet made. She makes a dragon-fly of this delightful (if slightly repetitive) piece, and the orchestra follows suit in a wonderfully fiery performance. Litolff himself might have been somewhat taken aback by the recording, with its skirling wind and machine-gun pizzicato; but its glitter and clarity are most exhilarating. It is stupid that we are never permitted to hear the rest of the concerto which, to judge from the piano score, is not uninteresting.

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL: Mozart: *Serenade B flat major* (K361) (Thirteen wind instruments of the Vienna Phil.—Furtwängler, DB6707-11); Lennox Berkeley: *Divertimento B flat major* (London Chamber Orch.—Bernard, K1882-3); Richard Strauss: *Metamorphosen* (Vienna Phil.—Karayan, LX1082-4 and LXS1085); Ravel: *Mother Goose Suite* (NSO—Beer, K342-3); Ravel: *La Valse* (Paris Conservatoire—Ansermet, K1867-8); Grieg: *Symphonic Dances*, op. 64 (LSO—Coppola, K1869-70); Johann Strauss: *Emperor Waltz* (New Sym Orch.—Krips, K1874); Wolf-Ferrari: *Intermezzo* ("Die Vier Grobiane"), *Overture* ("Susanna's Secret") (Zurich Tonhalle—Wolf-Ferrari, K1872); Humperdinck: *Hänsel and Gretel Overture* (Suisse Romande Orch.—Leo Blech, K1854); Offenbach:

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"The U.S.S.R. in Construction"—Pictorial Monthly on Soviet Industry, Science and Culture shortly available from this Department: 3s. 6d. for 3 months, 6s. 6d. for 6, 12s. 6d. a year.

Orpheus in the Underworld Overture (NSO—Robinson, K1302); Malcolm Arnold: *Beckus the Dandipratt* (LPO—Van Beinum, K1844). The Mozart *Serenade* is an absolutely superb issue. Scored for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 basset-horns, 4 French horns, 2 bassoons and 1 double bassoon, this work is a perfect example of Mozart's endless melodic invention—his grace and distinction of mind—his skill in avoiding the lumpiness and the monotonous, scoring quality characteristic of so much music scored exclusively for wind instruments. Dr. Furtwängler conducts his thirteen virtuosi with perfect adroitness, and the recording has just the right degree of resonance. It was high time some of Lennox Berkeley's music was recorded, and the enchanting *Divertimento* makes a capital beginning. This performance, which is beautifully recorded, does full justice to an exceptionally airy and well-mannered score. The issue of Strauss's *Metamorphosen* is of the first importance, because its tragic beauty does not become apparent until we have grasped its form, which, being expressed in a continuously rich polyphonic texture, requires intimate study. The recording must have been a ticklish job, and it is evident that great pains have been taken to secure a good balance. At the beginning the outline seems a little blurred; but the recording quickly improves, to settle down at a level of clarity which enables us fully to appreciate the fervent and beautifully phrased playing of the twenty-three solo strings. The latest issue of Ravel's attractive *Mother Goose* should confound the snobs who deny merit to Mr. Sidney Beer as a conductor. A very sensitively played set, magnificently recorded. After Monteux's palatial interpretation, Mr. Ansermet's conduct of *La Valse* is bound to seem tame. I admit it is conspicuously lacking in *entrain*—in the romping, swirling quality we have come to expect in this piece. But so delicate and analytical a performance as this reminds us that the work is a symphonic poem: it makes us *see* more intensely the scene and the dancers. For this reason alone I do not feel justified in dismissing the set (very clearly recorded) as merely prim. The issue of Grieg's *Symphonic Dances* is doubly welcome—because it is the first satisfactory recording of some most endearing light music, and because it brings back an old and valued friend of all discophiles: Piero Coppola. The recording is only good average, but the performance makes us hum the tunes for hours afterwards. The recording of the *Emperor Waltz* is an astonishing achievement. It is as if Decca had said to themselves: "We know we can't beat Walter and Karayan on their own ground—even with Krips to help us; so we'll go all out for realism and brilliance." It seems to me they have succeeded: the Karayan performance remains unapproachable for authenticity of touch, but this latest rendering is questionable at only a few—admittedly crucial—points, and the recording is definitely superior. (Incidentally, what *is* the "New" Symphony Orchestra, thus off-handedly sprung upon us? Whatever its composition, it is remarkably good.) The little pieces by Wolf-Ferrari are very fetching indeed; the recording, which is neat and sweet, possesses the additional interest of being conducted by the composer himself, who has since died. The new *Hänsel and Gretel* Overture was a bad *gaffe*: Leo Blech used to be one of the most fiery operatic conductors in Europe—but here . . . ! Just listen to a few bars of some section obviously intended to sound lively. After that I think you will hold on to the Hallé version, poorly recorded though it is. Equally, I advise readers to retain Constant Lambert's record of *Orpheus in the Underworld*: the performance is more stylish than Stanford Robinson's, and the recording is still perfectly acceptable. *Beckus the Dandipratt* is an amusing, Hogarthian caricature in the Cockney tradition of Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Ireland and Rawsthorne; to which one might add Debussy's *Gigues*, Walton's *Scapino* and *L'Apprenti Sorcier*. The truncated quotation, as no doubt you will recognise at once, is Henry Russell's "Life on the Ocean Wave." A brilliant record, but why not have ended side 1 *before* the heavy climax? There is plenty of room on side 2.

SOLO INSTRUMENTAL: Bach: *Suites for Unaccompanied Cello*, Nos. 4 in E flat major and 5 in C minor (Casals. Volume 8 of the Bach Society. 7 H.M.V. D.B. records); Chopin: *Scherzo* op. 31 No. 2 in B flat minor (Malcuzynski, LX1086); Saint-Saëns: *Allegro Appassionato* (Iturbi DA1889). At long last H.M.V. have been pleased to release the remaining two *Suites* in the series made before the war. These round off the set, and a very precious possession it is. Casals' virile and expressive tone is completely present on these discs, and if his steely fingering occasionally produces an unintentional effect of pizzicato—well, that is not much to complain of in a great performance. The Suites themselves are among the most astonishing feats of musical art, for on a single thread of sound each one sustains a beauty austere and perfect, over the length of a short symphony. I recommend the record of Chopin's B flat minor *Scherzo* as now the best available. Malcuzynski plays it with just the right combination of fantasy and singing tone; the passage-work is always clean, the recording bright but not harsh. The Saint-Saëns piece is for specialists only: it has almost no musical interest, and though it is played with the utmost virtuosity, the recording is horribly tinny.

VOCAL: Verdi: *Otello*—Act 4, scene 1 (Gabriella Gatti—Nancy Evans—LSO—Bellezza, DB6712-3); Mozart: *Don Giovanni*—"Vedrai carino," and *Figaro*—"Non se piu" (Hilde Gueden—LSO—Krips, K1861); Puccini: *Manon Lescaut*—"Sola perduta abbandonata," and Giordano: *Andrea Chenier*—"La Mamma morta" (Joan Hammond—Philharmonia—Collingwood, C3720); Johann Strauss: *Voce di Primavera* (Lily Pons—Orch—Kostelanetz, LX1087); Schumann: *Mondnacht* and *Der Nussbaum* (Anton Dermota, M619). The *Otello* issue is highly recommendable. Beautifully and touchingly sung by Signora Gatti, it is complete up to the end of the *Ave Maria*. The orchestral part is very well played indeed and the balance outstandingly good. Miss Gueden's Mozart just misses real excellence—chiefly because she approaches every note from below. "Vedrai carino" is rather slow and ponderous; and in "Non se piu," which the singer executes with admirable lightness, she is too near the mike and the accompaniment goes for nothing. I prefer Miss Hammond to Signora Guerrini in the death of Manon Lescaut (the music is again cut, though in a different manner, which leads me to suspect alternative versions of the scene); but when she lets fly—especially at the end of "La Mamma morta"—I cannot pretend to enjoy the effect. Moreover, the recording overloads badly at such moments. Mme Pons is at her best in staccato passages: these are beyond praise; but her aspirated runs would surely make Patti or Sembrich turn in her grave. The orchestral part is flatly pre-electric in quality. Anton Dermota's Lieder are stylistically disappointing. There is no excuse for so emphatic a rallentando in the middle of *Der Nussbaum*; and *Mondnacht* too is overexpressed. But his voice has a genuinely agreeable character and the record is well made.

Cecil Day Lewis's records of his own poetry (C3764-7) are on a level with that most successful issue, T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. The verse, which includes Mr. Day Lewis's beautiful "Childhood" sonnets and some excerpts from his translation of Virgil's *Georgics*, have been well chosen, and they are spoken with the controlled passion and the beautifully modulated tone which distinguish this poet's broadcast readings.

Space-saving Key: DB, DA, C = H.M.V.
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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 960

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A widely used advertisement technique is the simple story of a light dialogue. The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary advertisement in such a style for one of the following branded products of another age: a medieval love filter; a popular Falernian; a well-known variety of leech (for medical purposes); an Egyptian embalming oil; a Hymettan honey.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

It was harder than it looked, I think, to sustain the length. Hardly a single entry in a big batch didn't merit quotation in part, and twenty-five names were on my short list. In the whittling down, G. J. Blundell, P. Baggelly, Allan M. Laing, Kim, D. B. Haliday, Richard Usborne who tried all five, E. B. Abbotts ("Excalibur"—the only chewing love philtre), Jack Parsons ("It's amourised!") and J. A. W. with a piece in Latin stayed almost to the end. I was particularly sorry to have to exclude A. Leigh. I award a first prize of two guineas to D. E. C. Cave and a guinea each to T. T. Ormandy, D. R. Climie, Fergie and Pontifex.

SOCRATES: Are there not many and various brands of honey?

EUPEITHES: Very many.

SOCRATES: And are they not appetising in some respects, and, at the same time, quite unappetising in other respects?

EUPEITHES: Too true.

SOCRATES: Shall we not say, then, of each of them that it is not Honey, although it partakes somewhat of the nature of Honey?

EUPEITHES: Indeed we shall.

SOCRATES: And is there not a certain Honey, created by God, which is genuine, delectable and eternally satisfying, of which those others are, as it were, mere copies or shadows?

EUPEITHES: There is indeed.

SOCRATES: And we must say that this is not a matter of opinion but of knowledge?

EUPEITHES: We must.

SOCRATES: And this Honey being completely and perfectly good, the philosopher will steadfastly seek it out, ignoring and despising all substitutes?

EUPEITHES: He will.

SOCRATES: And this Honey is called "KALOKA-GATHON."

EUPEITHES: It is.

D. E. C. CAVE

"Lackaday, by Merlin, what wepe ye, Mistress Alisoun, wyth swich wrecched welaway and wey-mentinge and wryngyng of handis, as moves me to misericorde?"

"Alas, good Mother Paddock, I am lyk to dye for very schame and greef, ne may I never-mo live lustily, sin that my lord looketh namore on me, bot on hys paramour, nor is there none remede."

"By Venus, mistress, bot there is, and that right sikerly and sone and nigh at hand. A secree PHYLTRE will I yeve yow, for the nones, as shall by magic natural and enchauntemente of fayerye bind your lord ful fast ageyn in devocion and renewal of love."

"Gramercy, gossip. Haveth here thy fee, one silver penny. I moste raccommand thy MOTHER PADDOCK'S PHYLTRE to all love-lorn demoiselles and maydens of hygh or lowe degree, lykewyse to all true wyves, such as lamentes that there hosbondes affeccions been gone astray to worthelesse paramours, shrewes and female lozengiours. MOTHER PAD-DOCK'S PHYLTRE, I wis, is woful wayling wommen's faithful frend, ne nis MOTHER PAD-DOCK'S PHYLTRE dere in thise tymes at a peny, bot is gode chepe. Ye mote be war of imitaciouns."

T. T. ORMANDY

IRAS: Why, what's the matter, Charmian? In tears over Uncle Cheops? Come, come, my dear, into the bandages with him, and pop him away.

CHARMIAN: Oh, Iras how I *dread* embalming day. Standing over the hot oils for hours. Just look at my ugly, red "Sarcophagus Hands"! And look at Uncle Cheops—all those loose ends. I'm sure he'll never "keep." But *your* work always looks as fresh as *you* do. Tell me, what *is* your secret, Iras?

IRAS: It's no secret, you silly little thing. It's LIVE-O, THE WONDER OIL. Just a ten-minute soak, and your work's done. (Whispers.) *And* it actually *flatters* the hands. Quickly! Run out and get a bottle now (it's available at all reliable pharmacies). I'll give you a hand with the swathing. *Three weeks later.*

CHARMIAN: Thank you, your Majesty. It was a great privilege to preserve Aunt Ptolemy. And remember—she's guaranteed for two thousand years. (*Thinks*) Thanks to Iras and LIVE-O!

D. R. CLIMIE

"Alisoun languyssheth and semeth ful pale, pardi"
"Hastow nat heerd? Sche hath chepen som love-philtres for th'apprentys, and hir housbond hath fond hem."
"Might sche nat glose, as that it wer som physik for hir hele?"
"That did sche, and to wel! For he hath eten hem al himselve."
"O Jesu, al?"
"Now is hir housbond ful coltissche and likerissche and algates ful of ragerye. He is upon hir taile alday and al night and amorwe. Sche meweth up the maydes and eke the dogges, for feere of som notable schame!"
"How clepen men this love-philtre?"
"Tis yclept Whittingtons Magik-Naturel Nine-times-nine Yonge Wyf's Vade-Mecum and Olde Bridegrome's Courageour."
"Tis a swete name. Why saistow Whittingtons?"
"Tis made of ratouns turds . . . of all apothecaries. . . ."
". . . They're tosted, yow see."

FERGIE

Lumina cur defigis humi? Qui maeror in ore?
—In mentem Lalages nocte dieque venit.
Fortunate nimis! Quando connubia laeta?
—Hei mihi! namque pudor, ne loquar, obstat adhuc.
Vel timidis mollis dissignat labra Lyaeus.
—Me mea paupertas talia posse vetat.
Interioré nota modica mercede frueris.
—Alterius noceant faucibus ista precor.
Tale nihil: dices te demisisse Falernum
—Det modo posse loqui, res placet: unde petam?

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UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Chair of History. Applics. invited for the Chair of History at University College of the West Indies. Successful applicant will be responsible for planning and developing the Dept. of Modern History which will include Caribbean history. He will be expected to take up his duties early in 1949, but it is anticipated that teaching in dept. will not begin before Oct., 1950. Sal. £1,800 p.a. Children"s allowances. Superannuation on basis similar to F.S.S.U. Free passages. Applics. (6 copies), giving full partics. of qualifics. and names of 3 persons to whom further reference may be made to be addressed before Oct. 1, 1948, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in Colonies, 8 Park St. W.1, from whom further partics. obtainable.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of Classics. Applics. invited for Professorship of Classics. Candidates must have special qualifics. in Greek language and Culture. Sal. scale is £1,000 × £50—£1,300 p.a. plus a temporary cost of living allowance (at present £140 p.a., for married man and £40 p.a. for single man). Applics. (with copies of testimonials) must be submitted in triplicate and must give age, qualifics. and exp. and names of 2 or 3 refs. to whom University may refer, 2 copies of the applic. must reach Sec., Universities Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St., W.1 (from whom memorandum giving general conditions of appointment is obtainable) by Sept. 1, and the other copy should be sent direct to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, S. Africa, by same date.

AUCKLAND University College, Auckland, New Zealand. Applics. invited for Lecturer in Classics. Applicants will be reqd. to hold Master's Degrees. Appointee will be expected to teach in Latin and in Greek, and in both these subjects he may be asked to take work up to M.A. Honours standard. While not essential it would be considered an advantage if applicants had some previous University Teaching exp. Sal. is at the rate of £625 p.a., rising to £725 p.a. by annual increments of £50. Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further partics. and information as to method of applic. from Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. The closing date for applics. is August 15.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

APPLICS. invited from men and women, possessing an appropriate university degree or similar qualific. and some practical archive or research exp., for post of Assistant Archivist in Essex Record Office. The principal duties will be cataloguing, calendaring, etc., under the supervision of the County Archivist. Sal. will be fixed according to qualifics. and exp., but will not exceed £465 p.a. Further partics. of conditions of service from County Clerk. Applics. in own handwriting as soon as possible to Clerk of County Council, County Hall, Chelmsford, stating partics. of age, education, qualifics., exp. and sal. reqd. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden.

THE Essex County Council invite applics. from Social Workers for appointment to staff of Children's Officer. Duties of the persons appointed will include boarding out, the supervision of foster-children and children placed for adoption and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of County Council. Pref. given to candidates who have a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special training or exp. in child welfare. Sal. fixed according to qualifics. and exp. of persons appointed but will not exceed £495 p.a. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. Appointments will be subject to provisions of Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and persons appointed will be reqd. to pass medical exam. to satisfaction of Council. Applics. in own handwriting to be addressed as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, and should state partics. of age, education, qualifics. and exp. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden.

THE British Council for Rehabilitation require qualified social worker, hospital exp. pref. Works for the severely paralysed. London office. Salary according to qualifics. and exp. Apply in writing to General Secy., B.C.R., 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

COUNTY Borough of Brighton. Local Health Authority. Applics. invited for position of Psychiatric Social Worker for duties under Mental Health Sub-Committee of above Authority. Duties will include Child Guidance and Adult Out-Patients' Clinic work; and the lady appointed will be expected to obtain relevant histories in respect of observation ward patients, and to undertake the general social work in connection with these patients and also those attending the above Clinics. She will be responsible to Medical Officer of Health through Executive Officer of the Mental Health Service. Salary and conditions of service are in accordance with Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Recommendations. Applics., stating age, qualifics., and exp., accompanied by names of three refs., should be addressed to Rutherford Cramb, Med. Officer of Health, Royal York Buildings, Brighton, 1, and must be received by August 9, 1948.

ST. Mary's Hospital, London, W.2. Applics. invited for post of Educational Psychologist (part-time). Successful candidate will be reqd. to attend in Department of Psychiatry for the purpose of intelligence estimations for one session per week (on Tues. mornings), which may later be extended to three sessions weekly. Salary 2gns. per session. Applics., stating qualifics. and exp., should reach W. Parkes, House Governor, by Aug. 14, 1948.

WORKERS' Educ. Association, Berks, Bucks and Oxon District. Applics. invited for post of Organizer for Oxfordshire. Person appointed will be reqd. to develop adult educational work, and to promote and strengthen the organization of the Workers' Educational Assoc. Sal. £400 p.a. Forms of applic. to be obtained from District Sec., W.E.A., Rewley House, Wellington Sq. Oxford, to whom they must be returned by Aug. 14.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Treatment Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Banbury. Applics. are invited for joint posts of resident Warden and Matron. These posts have previously been held jointly by man and wife but suitable qualified and expd. candidates may apply for post of Warden only. This hostel, opening in new premises and accommodating 15 children aged 7-15 yrs., will be used in conjunction with the County Child Guidance Service. Exp. with maladjusted children essential for all applicants. A Social Science Diploma, or other academic qualific. will be considered an advantage as those appointed will be reqd. to carry out specialised environmental psychiatric treatment. Joint sal. £300 × £10—£350, or commencing sal. of £175, in case of Warden alone, according to exp., with full residential emoluments. Applic. forms from A. R. Chorlton, Director of Education, 1 New Road, Oxford, to whom they should be returned by Aug. 7.

Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain, National Council, invite applics. for post of National Gen. Sec. for May/June, 1949. Exp. in religious, social and admin. work essential. Commencing sal. according to age and qualifics., rising to £1,000 by annual increments of £50. Applic. forms obtainable from Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Envelopes to be marked "Personal."

OXFORDSHIRE Education Cttee. Treatment Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Banbury. Applics. invited for Children's Assistant. Interest in work with small group of children essential. Sal. £100-£110 p.a., according to exp., with full residential emoluments. Further partics. from County Welfare Officer, 1 New Rd. Oxford.

Appointments Vacant—continued

TALBOT Settlement. Expd. worker wanted for pioneer neighbourhood work on new flat estate in Lewisham opening Sept. Accom. for worker on estate. Applicant must be practising communicant of C. of E. Min. sal. £250 p.a. Applics., with refs. and qualifics., to The Head, 14 Bromley Hill, Bromley, Kent.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous experience in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £120 resident for assistants up to £220 resident for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

GIRLS' Club Leader, age groups 10-18 yrs. and Play Centre. Sal. £150-£200 according to exp. and qualifics., plus board residence. Full partics. and testimonials to Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St. Dundee.

WARDEN (full-time) reqd. at once for Children's Club in Cardiff Dock area. Sal. £260 p.a. plus £40 p.a. for recognised training qualifics. Further partics. from Mrs. Campbell, Save the Children Fund, 2 Derwen Rd. Cyncoed, Cardiff.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of resident assistant mistress (nursery school trained) at Nanhurst Residential Nursery School, Nr. Cranleigh, Surrey, to teach children aged 2-7 yrs. Sal., Burnham scale, together with emoluments of board, lodging, and washing in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs. and at week-ends. Forms from Education Officer (T.S.5), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Aug. 14. Canvassing disqualifies. (1633.)

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (prog. co-ed. 100 boarders) reqs., Sept., teachers (a) for English, either lower form or Higher Cert. work, (b) to take charge of Junior School (8-11). Burnham Scale. Also (c) Assistant Housekeeper to undertake domestic training of pupils; (d) Secretary, good personal qualities; int. in games or other out-of-school activs. welcome. Intg. full community life; posts offer wide opportunities and req. responsible persons. Apply Kenneth C. Barnes.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Head Matron wanted in Sept. for Senior Girls' Boarding School (ages 11-18). S.R.N. qualific. and progressive outlook on health essntl. Must be good organiser & fond of children. Sal. from £250 p.a. (res.), according to age and exp. Apply: Headmistress.

PROGRESSIVE publishers require first-class production manager-typographer. Box 4963.

VACANCY for Assistant (female) Organiser in Head Office of established social work in London. Must have administrative ability, shorthand and typing essential. State age, exp. and salary. Box 4881.

TWO shorthand typists required by well-known London publishing house. First-rate conditions, canteen, etc. Box 4964.

EFFICIENT Shorthand-Typist reqd. Scale for salaries, maximum £6 10s. Superannuation scheme. Application to Secy., Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. S.W.1.

HOME and salary offered to man and woman. Country house near Whipsnade (10 families). Cooking, kitchen-work, boiler. Child welcomed. Box 4313.

Appointments Wanted

YOUNG man, 28, 7 yrs. exp. as Warden in Alien, Irish, English and German Agricultural Hostels. One year as Warden in Services Hostel and Canteen. M.O.F. knowledge, sks. interesting post anywhere. Box 4177.

EDUCATED man, wide knowledge of, and interest in, Continental and Colonial affairs, etc., 5 languages, administrative exp., travelled, seeks position where such kndge. would be useful. Sal. less important than prospects of advancement. Live anywhere. Box 4404.

WRITER, 3 years in London publishers; knowledge of book production, typography, layout, etc.; writer on art subjects, seeks position. Box 4400.

AMBITIOUS International journalist desires part-time newspaper or publicity job. Box 4395.

INTELLIGENCE Officer, R.A.F. (33). Public School, University, knowledge of Economics, Languages, World Affairs, expd. in Accountancy, Admin., Personnel Management, Lecturing, Interviews, desires active post. Box 4377.

WOMAN Journalist, Oxford Hons. B.A. English, 6 yrs. foreign news sub-editing, some technical paper exp., N.U.J. member, seeks interesting post pref. journalism. Interests books, foreign affairs, history, education, music, country life. Box 4335.

HISTORY grad., 25, good Hons. Oxford, seeks post London, welfare, politics, educ., lit. Interested in people. Box 4334.

WOMAN graduate, good linguist, secretarial, editorial, school experience, seeks congenial non-commercial post, preferably nr. London. Box 4289.

MAN (40), expd. accounts, invoicing, orders, correspondence, typing, also expd. T.U. Sec., speaker and organiser, seeks interesting post. Box 4260.

FARM work reqd. by married man, 32, pref. organic, 18 mths. exp. Box 4254.

INTELLIGENT, energetic but mature, ex-Navy, 25. Now Ass. Ed. weekly newspaper; married, small daughter. Hard working and loyal to anyone offering bright opportunity; mod. sal. to start; go anywhere. A good investment in youth. Box 4199.

Appointments Wanted—continued

EXPD. Shorthand-Typist/Secretary desires resident post where child 5 welcome. Willing to help in house. Box 4420.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

DORSET Chambers. Beaut. equip. service rooms, all mod. conven., central.—52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. Bay. 1665.

FURNISHED service flatlets for gentlemen. A single room is available in superior house near Harrods. An inexpensive town pied-à-terre. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns. Knightsbridge, S.W.3. Ken. 4367.

LARGE furn. apartment to let, all mod. conv., use of big garden, most beautiful part Forest Hill. Tel. 8224.

COMF. bed-sit.-rm. with b'fast. to prof. people, mod. flat nr. Regents Pk. Box 4257.

MAIDA Vale. Part fur. flat to let or two male boarders considered. Box 4448.

BED-sitting room, use of kitchen, bath, Hampstead flat available for young professional woman. Box 4948.

FREEHOLD House, Notting Hill, 5 rooms, kitchen and bathroom, in sound condition, £4,800. FLAxman 8540/9854.

SUITABLE for business woman, fully furn. sitting-room, bedroom, use of bathroom, kitchen, garden, garage, North Cheam. 'Phone Fairlands 7328 after 8.30 p.m.

REAL Gipsy Caravan to let, fully equipped, on dairy farm in heart of Brendon Hills, Som. Bunks for 2, 3gns. p.w. Box 4309.

IF anyone is crazy enough to consider sharing house, 1 mile from road, no main services, woman novelist offers part furnished accom. nominal rent, return congenial companionship. Box 3984.

EXCHANGE top floor studio flat, 2 rooms, gallery, kitchenette, bathroom. Kensington, long lease, controlled rent for larger flat pref. ground floor, reasonable rent. Box 4263.

3/4 Apartment s.c., unfurn. flat, St. John's Wood/Hampstead pref. Cd. exchange, if desired, elegant similar flat Kelvinside, Glasgow. Box 3076, T. G. Scott & Son, Ltd., Talbot House, 9 Arundel St. Strand, W.C.2.

YOUNG Univ. Lecturer and wife urgently req. small unfurn. or semi-furn. flat, London area. Box 4410.

YOUNG couple obliged relinquish present accom. on arrival baby Oct. urgently require unfurn. flat/house easy access Central London. Box 4430.

WANTED, s.c. unf. flat Regents Park area, from Sept., to suit two ladies, ground floor preferred. Box 4178.

MALE research worker, social sciences, 28, wishes to cut cost of rent by sharing flat-let in or near West End with kindred type. Box 4312.

COLONIAL cple. req. furn. flat, C. London for prof. leave. Jan.-June. Box 4259.

REQD. unfurn. cottage, live 2 or 4, in or near Salisbury. Box 4489.

Schools

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

GAVESTON Hall, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex, for boys and girls prep. age. Sound educ.; family life; individ. attention; grad. staff. Also Senior course with agricultural bias. Apply Principal (Lower Beeding 384).

KENSINGTON District. Nursery School Group. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½-5 yrs. Trained teacher especially successful only children, catering licence, qualified dietition, car collection. Children of prof. parents. Open throughout yr. Hol. school August. Communicate: Mrs. E. D. Collins. 47 Redcliffe Gdns. S.W.10.

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Essex. Branch of Summerhill School. Crafts, riding, excellent diet, central heating. Paying guests welcome.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad: R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel. Ware 52.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125). A co-educ. community, aiming at indep. initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs., boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

SMALL group of weekly boarders, pref. under eight years, accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave. N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

SPRINGFIELD Grange Co-ed. boarding School in Chilterns, 5-13 yrs. Children run their own farm as part of curriculum. Limited vacs. for post-school children to do practical & theoretical farm & dairy wk. Hol. home for children 8-17 yrs. Apply Secy., Springfield Grange School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

Naturalization

NOTICE is hereby given that Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Edel, of 367 Hackney Road, E.2, is applying to the Home Secretary for naturalization, and that any person who knows any reason why naturalization should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Under Secretary of State, Aliens Department, Home Office, London, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 2471.